WINTER ISSUE No.14

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THE SPIRIT

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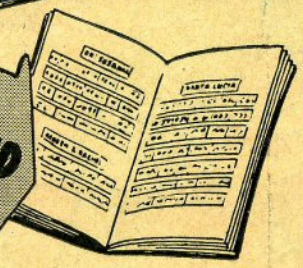

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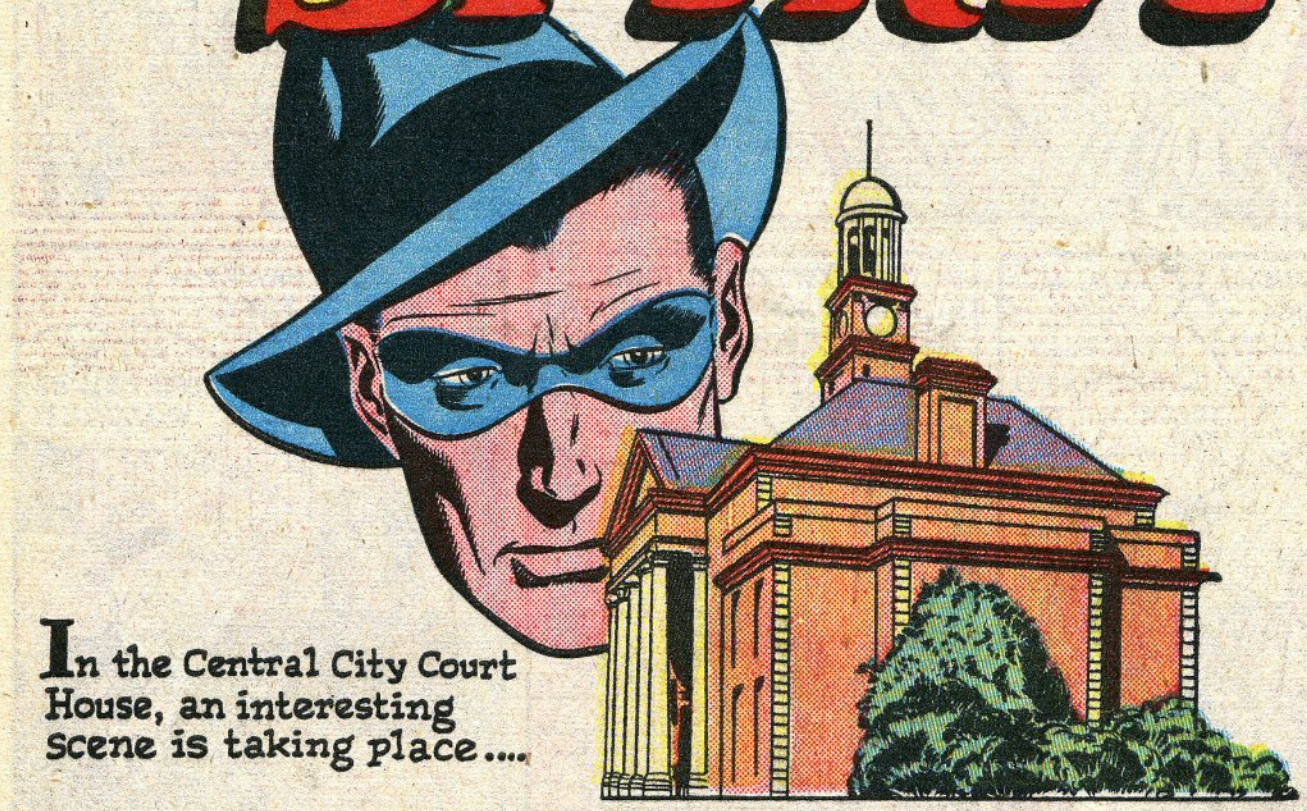
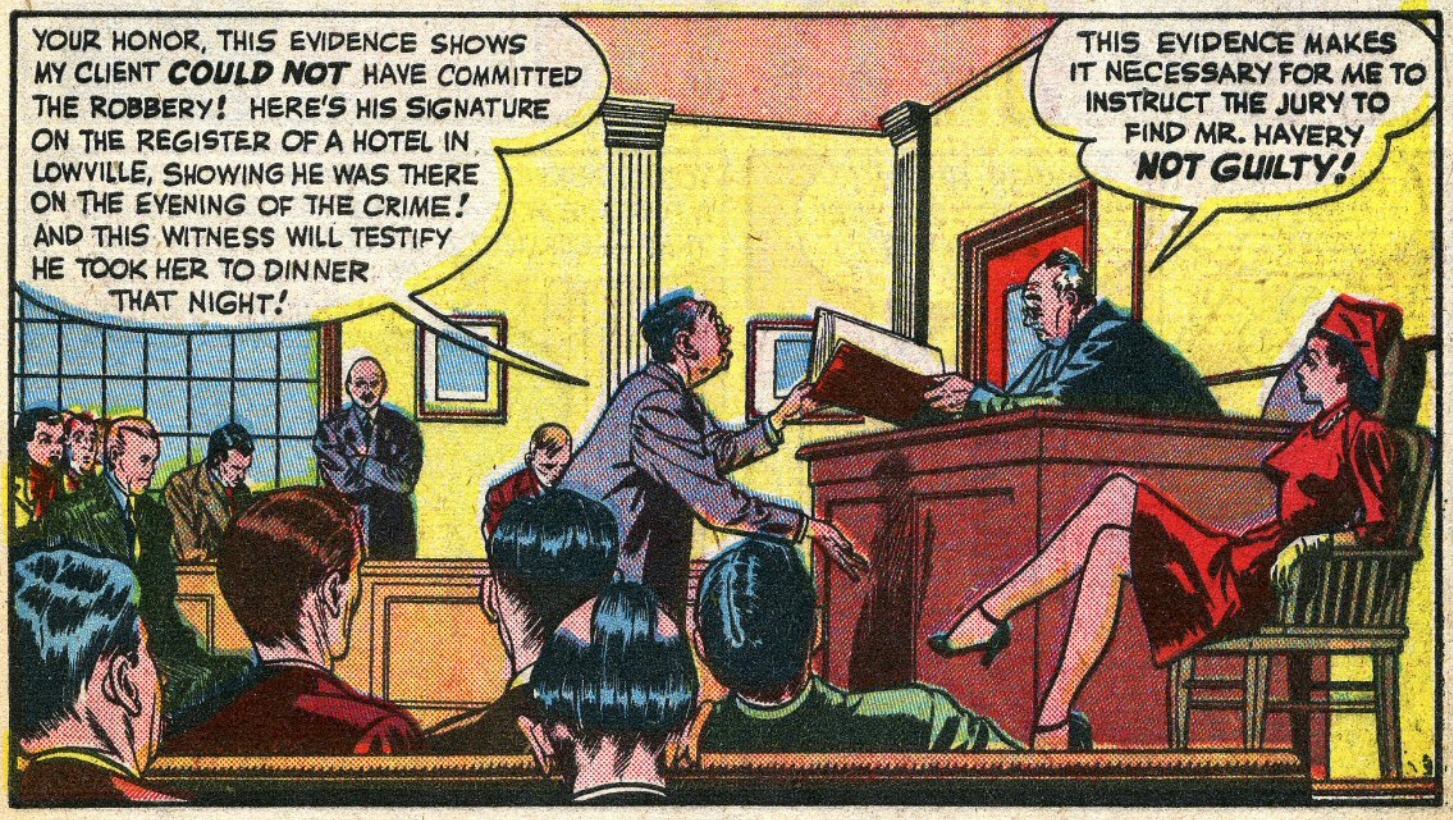
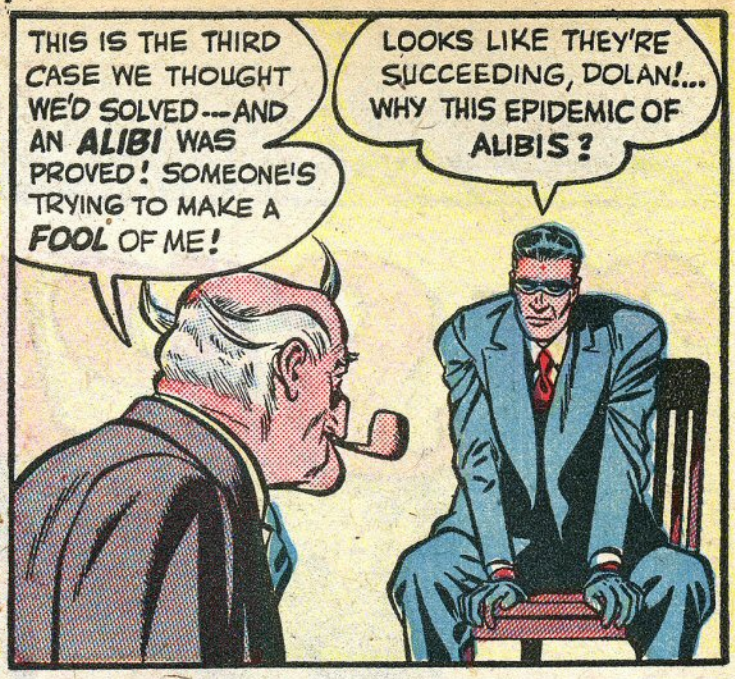
THE SPIRIT



In the Central City Court House, an interesting scene is taking place....



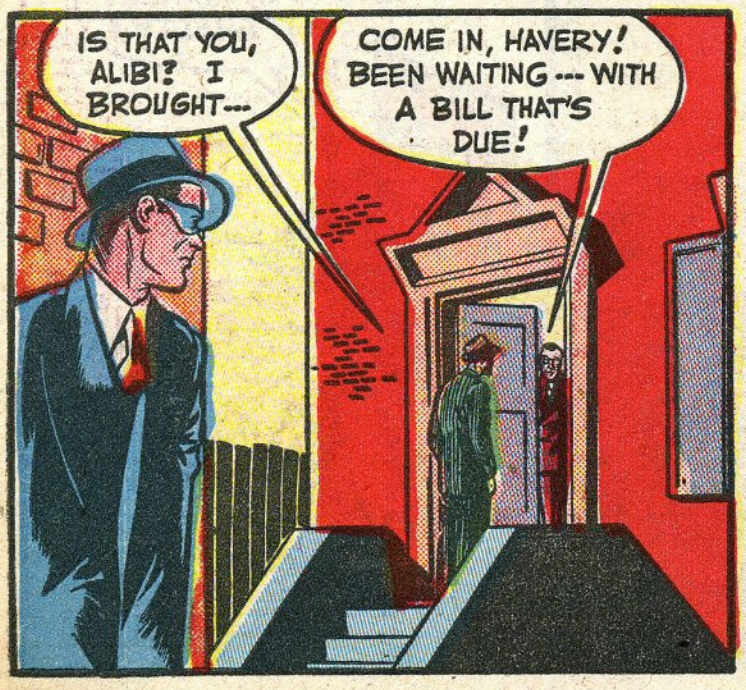
I KNOW HAVERY'S GUILTY! THAT ALIBI OF HIS WAS SO GOOD IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
AH, DOLAN! A POLICE COMMISSIONER'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE, I SEE!


THIS IS THE THIRD CASE WE THOUGHT WE'D SOLVED---AND AN ALIBI WAS PROVED! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME!
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE SUCCEEDING, DOLAN!... WHY THIS EPIDEMIC OF ALIBIS?

I DON'T KNOW! YOU'D THINK SOMEBODY HAD STARTED AN ALIBI FACTORY!
MMMMM! YOU'RE GENERALLY ON THE WRONG TRACK! BUT THIS TIME .....GOODBYE NOW!

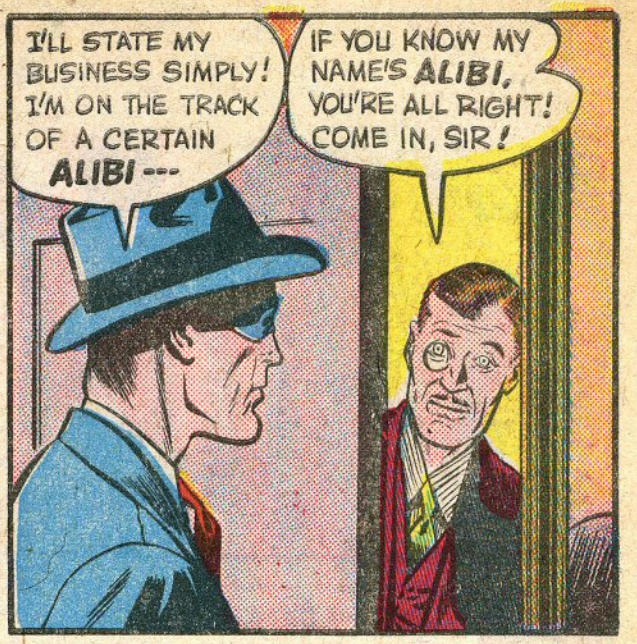
BY THE WAY WE'RE STEPPIN' ALONG, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS, YO' MUS' KNOW WHERE WE'RE HEADIN'!
RIGHT, EBONY! WE'RE GOING TO VISIT THE ALIBI FACTORY!

THERE GOES HAVERY--- PROBABLY TO PAY A DEBT! LET'S TAG ALONG!
ARE YO' SURE WE'LL BE WELCOME?


IS THAT YOU, ALIBI? I BROUGHT---
COME IN, HAVERY! BEEN WAITING --- WITH A BILL THAT'S DUE!

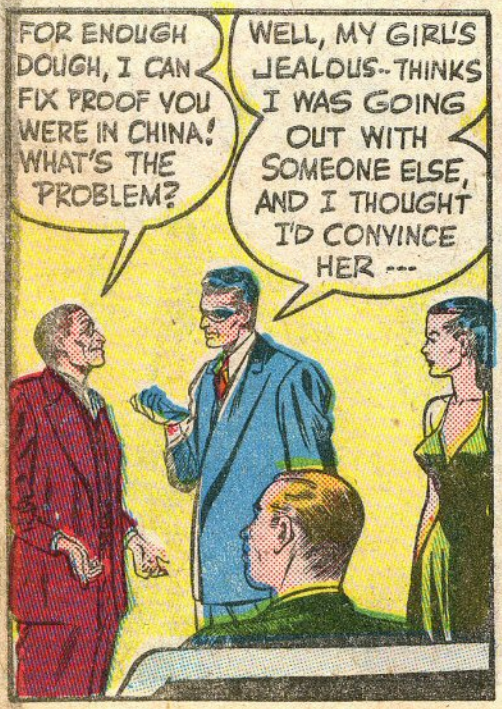
YOU'RE ASKING A FORTUNE FOR THAT --- SERVICE!
IT'S WORTH IT, HAVERY! FAKING THE HOTEL REGISTER AND COACHING JOLA HERE IN HER STORY! THOSE THINGS COME HIGH, YOU KNOW!

HAVE A DRINK! IT'LL CURE THAT HOLE IN YOUR BANKROLL!
SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR! NOBODY WOULD KNOW I'M HERE---EXCEPT MAYBE A CUSTOMER!
KNOCK KNOCK

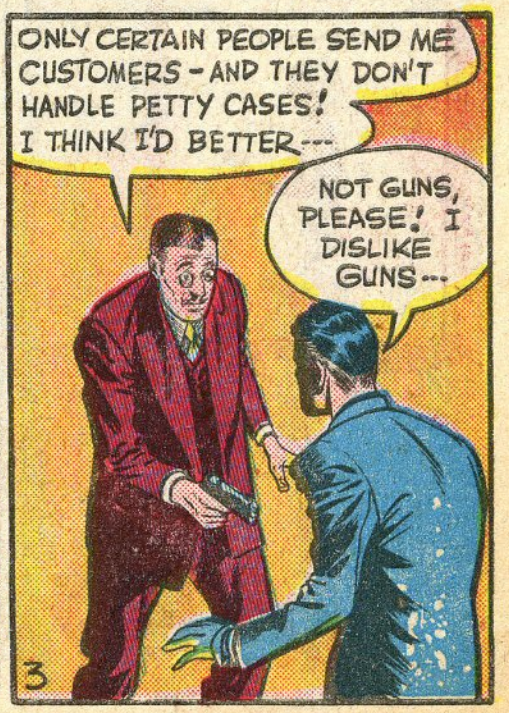

I'LL STATE MY BUSINESS SIMPLY! I'M ON THE TRACK OF A CERTAIN ALIBI---
IF YOU KNOW MY NAME'S ALIBI, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! COME IN, SIR!

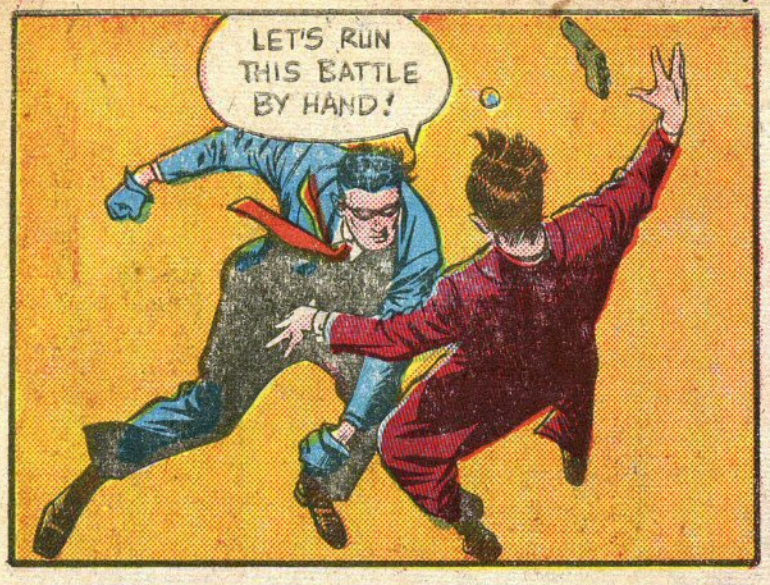
WATCH HOW I DO BUSINESS, HAVERY! JOLA, POUR THIS CUSTOMER A DRINK!
NO, THANKS, I CAN'T STAY LONG! IS IT TRUE YOU RUN AN ALIBI FACTORY?

ALIBI'S MY NAME, AND MY NATURE, AND MY CAREER! HAW! HAW! JUST WHAT MODEL OF ALIBI DO YOU WANT?
YOU CAN PROVE, I TAKE IT, THAT I WAS SOMEWHERE WHEN I WASN'T?


FOR ENOUGH DOUGH, I CAN FIX PROOF YOU WERE IN CHINA! WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
WELL, MY GIRL'S JEALOUS--THINKS I WAS GOING OUT WITH SOMEONE ELSE, AND I THOUGHT I'D CONVINCE HER---

HE MEANS IT'S NOT A CRIME... JUST A PRIVATE PROBLEM! IN OTHER WORDS---
IN OTHER WORDS, BUB, WHY DID YOU COME TO ME? WHO SENT YOU?


ONLY CERTAIN PEOPLE SEND ME CUSTOMERS - AND THEY DON'T HANDLE PETTY CASES! I THINK I'D BETTER---
NOT GUNS, PLEASE! I DISLIKE GUNS---

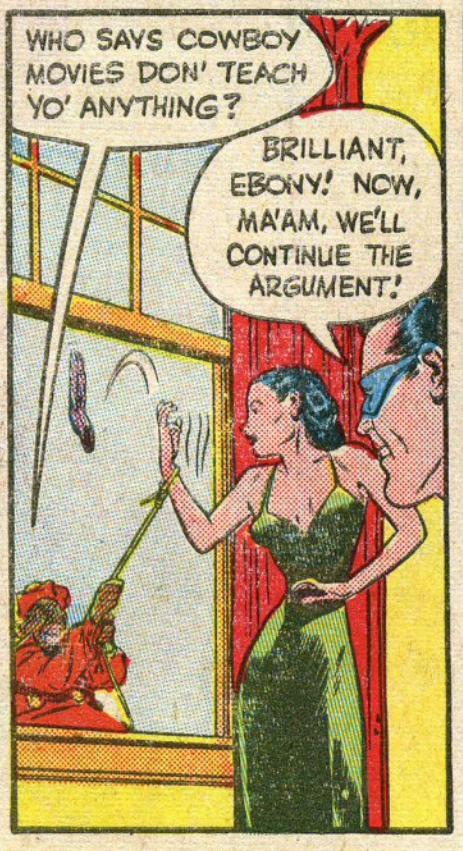

LET'S RUN THIS BATTLE BY HAND!

HE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT MY BEING HERE... PROVE THAT---
SMEAR HIM, HAVERY, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A REBATE ON THAT FEE!

WHY, MY DEAR SIR --- THAT CHAIR MIGHT HAVE HAD FEELINGS! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF ---

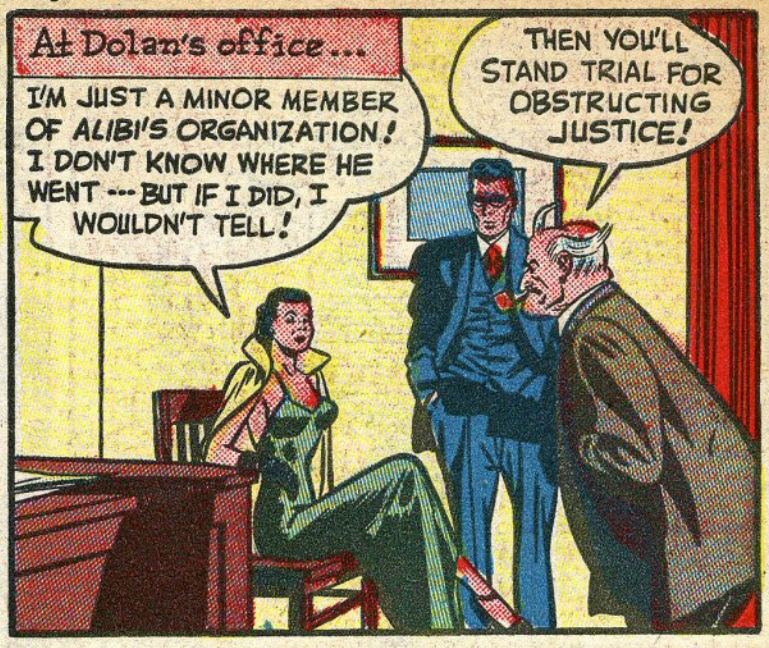
--SOMEBODY STRUCK YOU LIKE THIS?
OKAY, MISTER! NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!

THAT'S BETTER! MAKE A MOVE AND I'LL SHOOT YOU!


WHO SAYS COWBOY MOVIES DON' TEACH YO' ANYTHING?
BRILLIANT, EBONY! NOW, MA'AM, WE'LL CONTINUE THE ARGUMENT!

YOU AND ALIBI WILL COME TO POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS WITH ME!
YOU CAN MAKE ME GO THERE, BUT YOU'RE TOO LATE FOR ALIBI!

HE'S GONE!
LIKE LAST YEAR'S SNOW! YOU'LL NEVER FIND HIM!


At Dolan's office...
I'M JUST A MINOR MEMBER OF ALIBI'S ORGANIZATION! I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE WENT --- BUT IF I DID, I WOULDN'T TELL!
THEN YOU'LL STAND TRIAL FOR OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE!

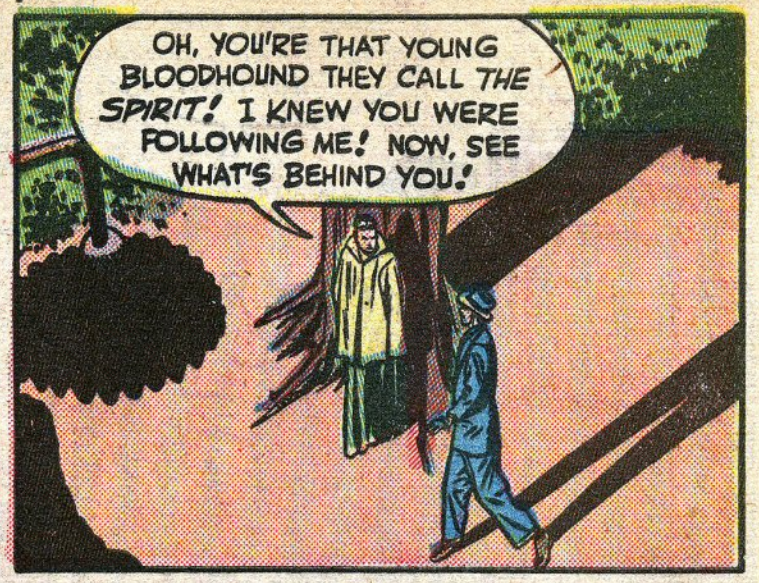
HAVERY'S BEEN LET GO --- WE COULDN'T TRY HIM TWICE FOR ONE ROBBERY! AS FOR THIS WOMAN ---
LET HER GO, TOO, DOLAN!

HELD PRISONER, SHE CAN'T HELP YOU! FREE, SHE MAY GIVE US A TRAIL ---
-- THAT WILL LEAD US TO ALIBI! EXACTLY THE WAY I HAD IT FIGURED, SPIRIT!

YO' GOIN' TO FOLLOW HER ALONE, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS?
TWO OF US MIGHT BE TOO OBVIOUS, EBONY!

NOSSIR! AH'M TRAILIN' HIM! MAYBE HE'LL NEED ME!
EBONY'S FOLLOWING THE SPIRIT! I'LL FOLLOW EBONY!

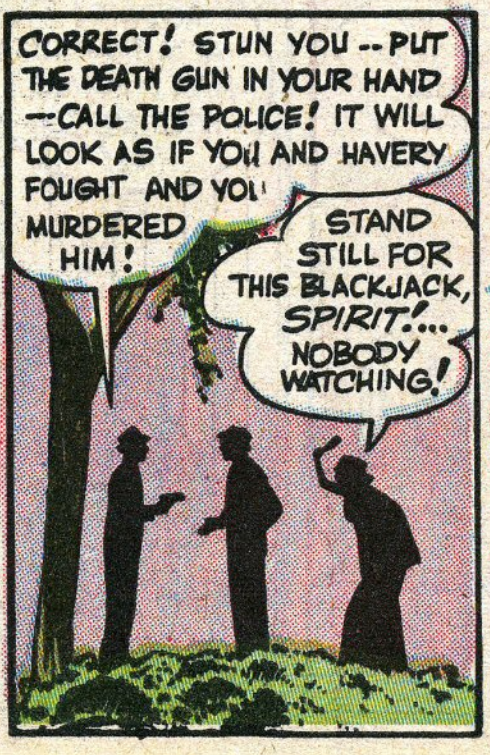
SHE'S WALKING INTO THAT PARK! I WONDER IF SHE'S GOING TO MEET ALIBI THERE!

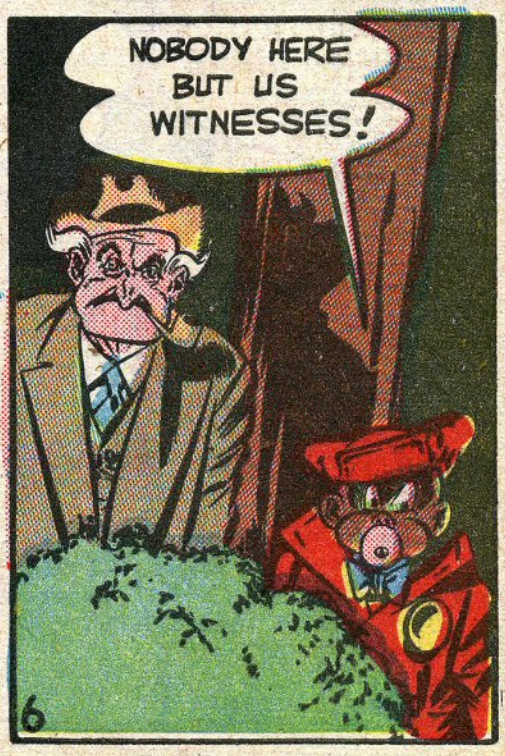

OH, YOU'RE THAT YOUNG BLOODHOUND THEY CALL THE SPIRIT! I KNEW YOU WERE FOLLOWING ME! NOW, SEE WHAT'S BEHIND YOU!

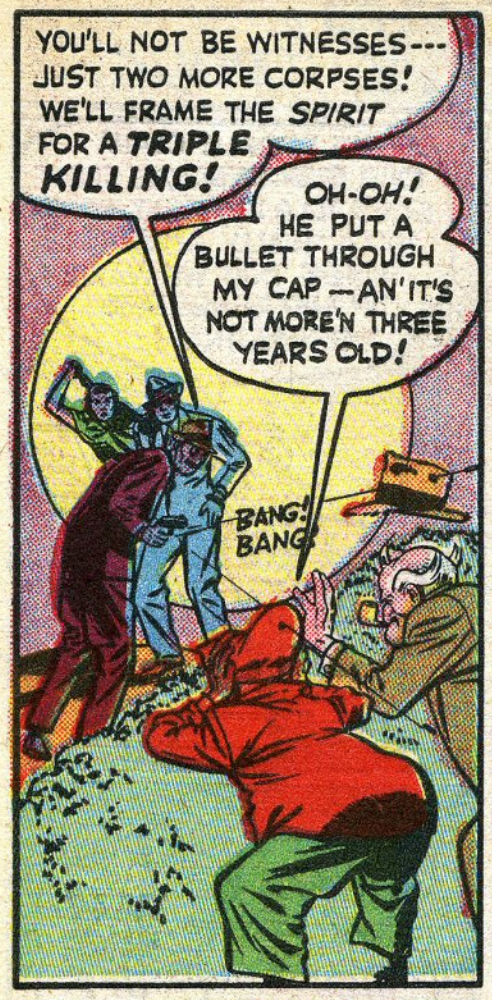
ALIBI! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HAVERY?
KILLED HIM! FIXING AN ALIBI--- IN REVERSE!

TO BE PLAIN--- I'M FIXING EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU!
WHAT WAS HE DOING WITH THAT WALKING STICK?

I PUT IT IN HIS HAND! IT WILL MATCH THE BUMP WE'LL PUT ON YOUR HEAD!
YOU'RE GOING TO SLUG ME?

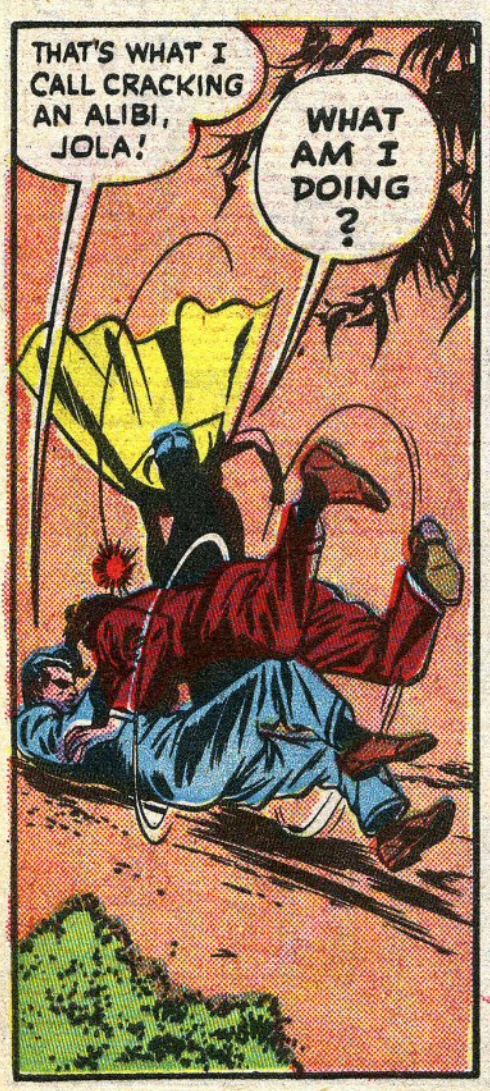

CORRECT! STUN YOU -- PUT THE DEATH GUN IN YOUR HAND --CALL THE POLICE! IT WILL LOOK AS IF YOU AND HAVERY FOUGHT AND YOU MURDERED HIM!
STAND STILL FOR THIS BLACKJACK, SPIRIT!... NOBODY WATCHING!


NOBODY HERE BUT US WITNESSES!


YOU'LL NOT BE WITNESSES--- JUST TWO MORE CORPSES! WE'LL FRAME THE SPIRIT FOR A TRIPLE KILLING!
OH-OH! HE PUT A BULLET THROUGH MY CAP --AN' IT'S NOT MORE'N THREE YEARS OLD!
BANG! BANG!

YOUR MANNERS ARE DISGRACEFUL, ALIBI! IT WAS IMPOLITE TO TURN YOUR BACK ON ME!
MISSED HIM!

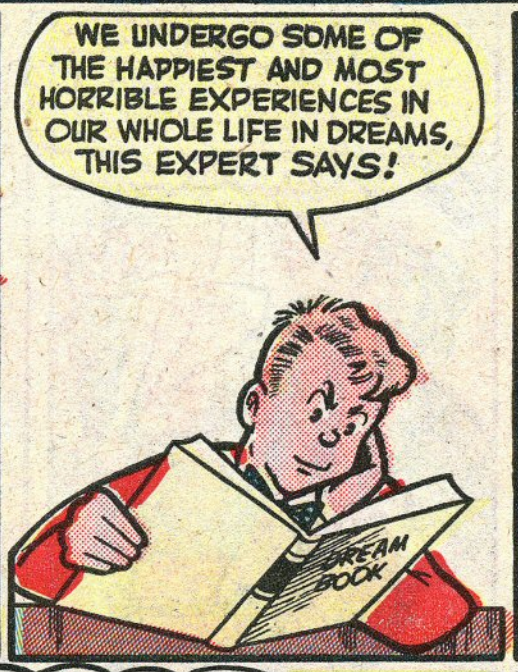
HE'S PINNING MY WRISTS, JOLA! KNOCK HIM OFF OF ME!
I WILL!

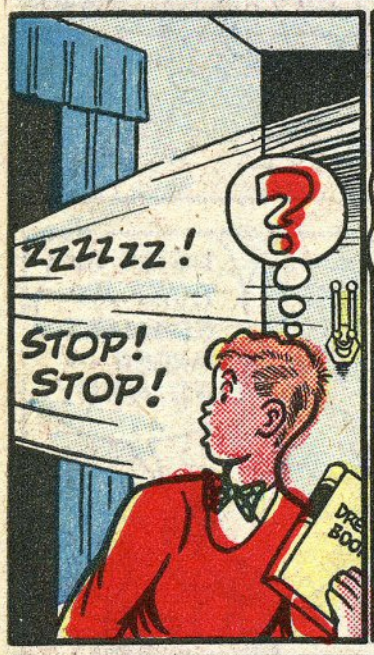

THAT'S WHAT I CALL CRACKING AN ALIBI, JOLA!
WHAT AM I DOING ?

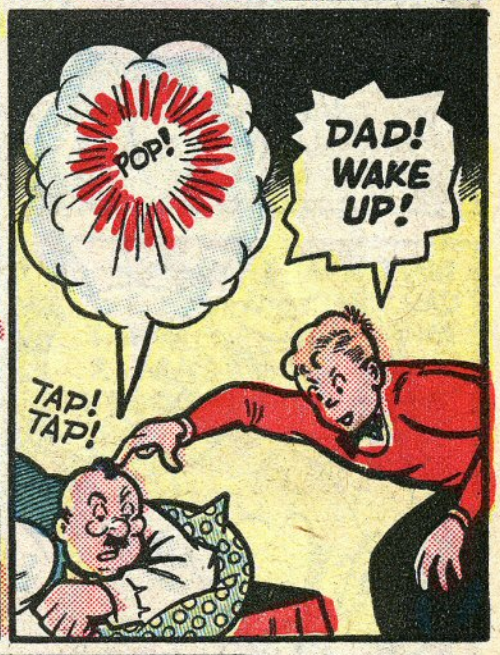
ALIBI! SPEAK TO ME!
WHEN HE WAKES, I DOUBT IF HE'LL HAVE ANYTHING GOOD TO SAY TO YOU!

WHATCHA MEAN, YOU'RE TIRED? GET BUSY! I DON'T WANT NO ALIBIS!
LISTEN TO THAT! MY BRILLIANT CAREER --- RUINED!

JONESY by DIB

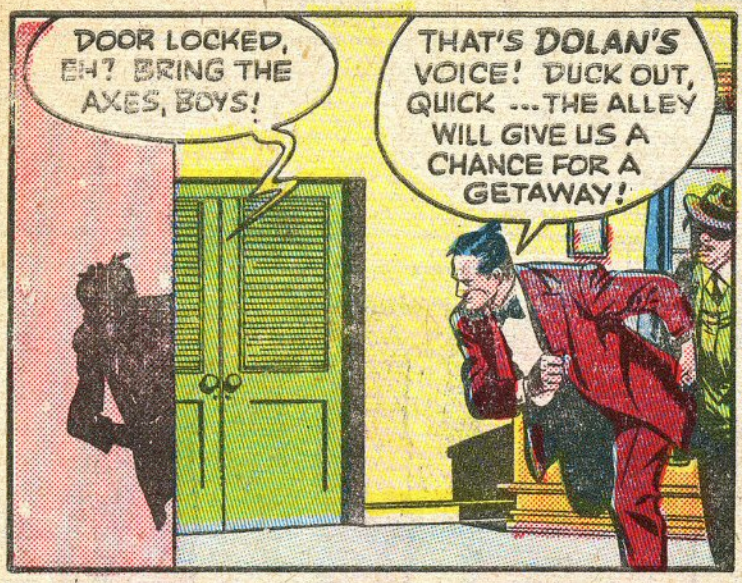


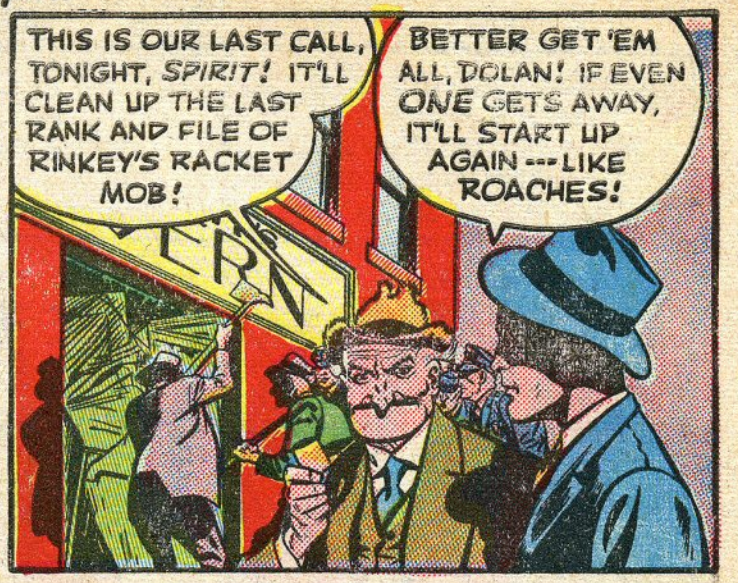




The SPIRIT

HELLO! TUFFY'S TAVERN, WHERE THE HEELS STEAL FOR A MEAL! SCROUNGY THE MANAGER SPEAKIN' ---
CUT THE BUM ROUTINE, SCROUNGE! THE HEAT'S ON --- YOU KNOW THE SPIRIT HELPED COMMISSIONER DOLAN GRAB BOSS RINKEY---
BUT THIS IS JUST A REMOTE CONTROL STATION FOR RINKEY!
HE'S SPILLING EVERYTHING--- BUT ALL, EVERYTHING! THE COPS WILL BE THERE NEXT --- NO, THEY'RE COMIN' HERE NEXT! ---CLICK!
DOWN THAT QUICK, STONY! WE'RE DUCKIN' OUT IN THE ALLEY --- BEFORE THE BOYS IN BLUE GET HERE!
A PINCH, HUH, SCROUNGY? WE CAN'T PUT IN THE FIX, HUH? CAN'T WE, HUH?


DOOR LOCKED, EH? BRING THE AXES, BOYS!
THAT'S DOLAN'S VOICE! DUCK OUT, QUICK --- THE ALLEY WILL GIVE US A CHANCE FOR A GETAWAY!


THIS IS OUR LAST CALL, TONIGHT, SPIRIT! IT'LL CLEAN UP THE LAST RANK AND FILE OF RINKEY'S RACKET MOB!
BETTER GET 'EM ALL, DOLAN! IF EVEN ONE GETS AWAY, IT'LL START UP AGAIN --- LIKE ROACHES!

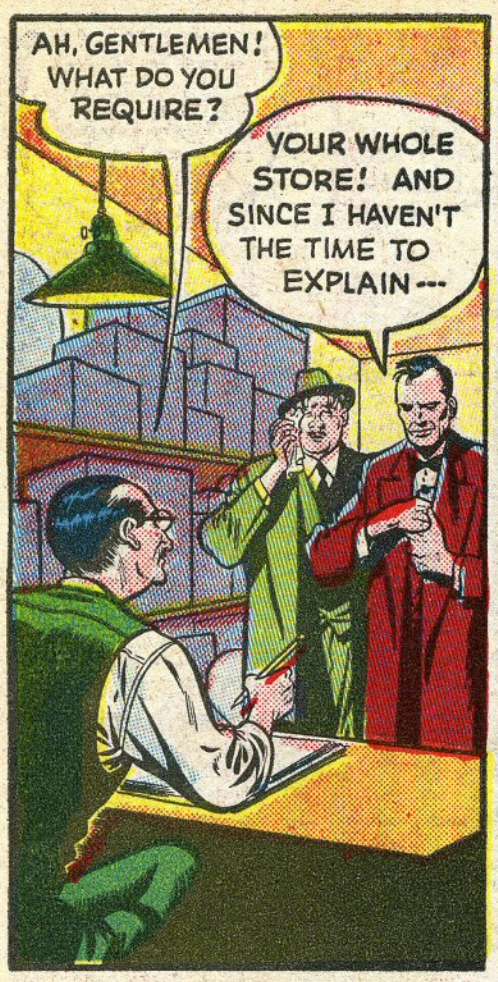
INSIDE, ALL OF YOU! GET 'EM, ALIVE OR DEAD!
THEY'RE GOING IN --- QUICK, STONY, ACROSS THE STREET!
TAVERN

HEY, YOU TWO ----- STOP!
HE MEANS STEP! LOTSA STEPS, CLOSE TOGETHER AND SUDDEN!

HE'S GAININ', SCROUNGE --- GAININ' ---
WE'LL SHOW HIM HOW SORDID GAIN CAN BE!

LOOKIN' FOR A SCRAP IS IT? THERE'S A CANFUL O' SCRAPS!

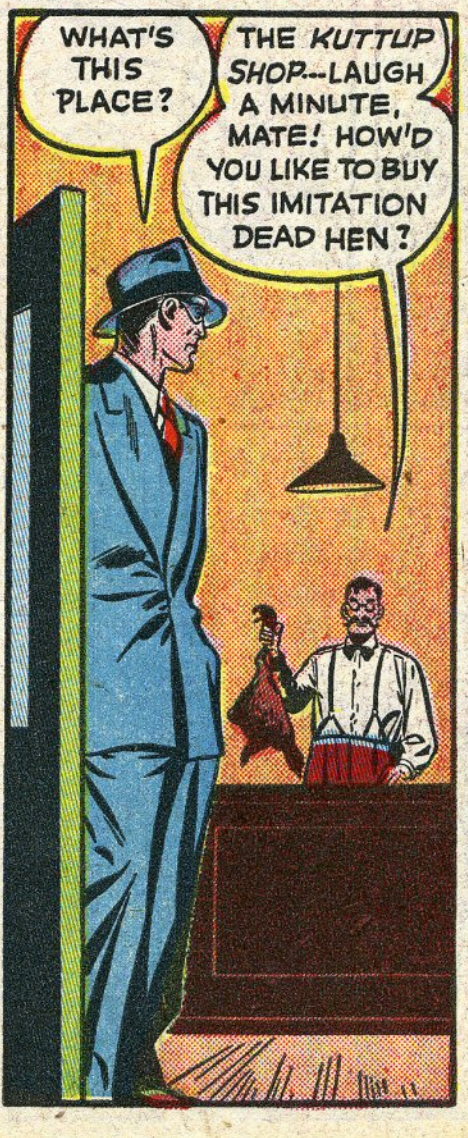
I'M WINDED --CAN'T GO NO FURTHER!
THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE LEFT OPEN THIS LATE--LET'S DUCK IN!
COMPANY
NOVELTIES


AH, GENTLEMEN! WHAT DO YOU REQUIRE?
YOUR WHOLE STORE! AND SINCE I HAVEN'T THE TIME TO EXPLAIN---

YOU KILLED HIM, SCROUNGE!
I'D HATE TO THINK I MISSED THAT CLOSE! QUICK STONY, SHOVE HIM UNDER THE COUNTER--OUTA SIGHT---

NOW GET ON A DISGUISE! THOSE LAW LICE WILL BE IN OUR HAIR ANY SECOND---

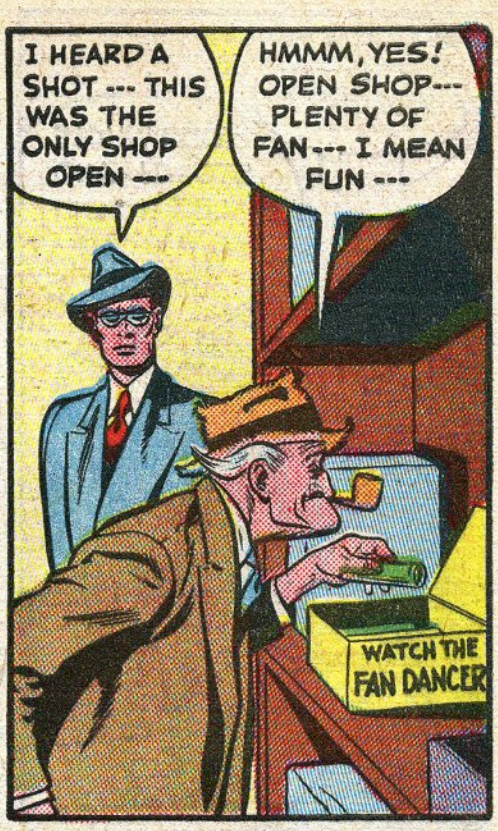
SORRY TO BE LATE FO' THE FUN, MIST' *SPIRIT* BOSS! WHERE'S IT AT?
GET DOLAN AT TUFFY'S TAVERN! I HEARD A SHOT IN THAT NOVELTY STORE AND I'M GOING IN TO CHECK!


WHAT'S THIS PLACE?
THE *KUTTUP SHOP*--LAUGH A MINUTE, MATE! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BUY THIS IMITATION DEAD HEN?

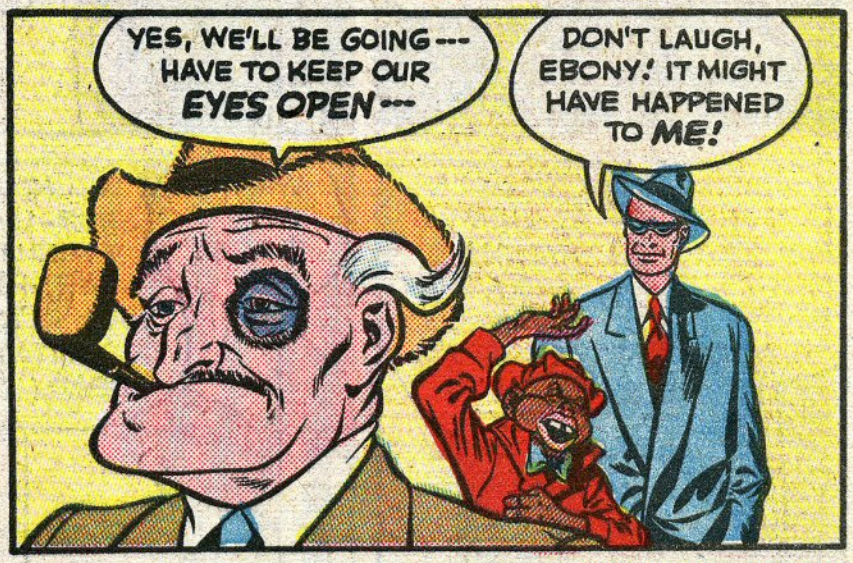
CAN'T BE TOLD FROM THE GENUINE ARTICLE! THROW IT IN THE STREET WHEN A SPEEDING CAR PASSES --- STOP 'EM AND MAKE 'EM PAY FOR KILLING YOUR CHICKEN ---
I'M AFTER SOMETHING SLIGHTLY LARGER ---A COUPLE OF RACKET ROOSTERS WHO CAME THIS WAY!

RACKETEERS? NO SUCH CHARACTERS PASSED HERE! MAYBE MY PARTNER SAW SOME---
NO SPIK INGLISH SO GOOT, DEFINITELY!

HERE'S MIST' DOLAN!
WHAT A FANTASTIC LINE OF GOODS!


I HEARD A SHOT --- THIS WAS THE ONLY SHOP OPEN ---
HMMM, YES! OPEN SHOP--- PLENTY OF FAN --- I MEAN FUN ---
WATCH THE FAN DANCER

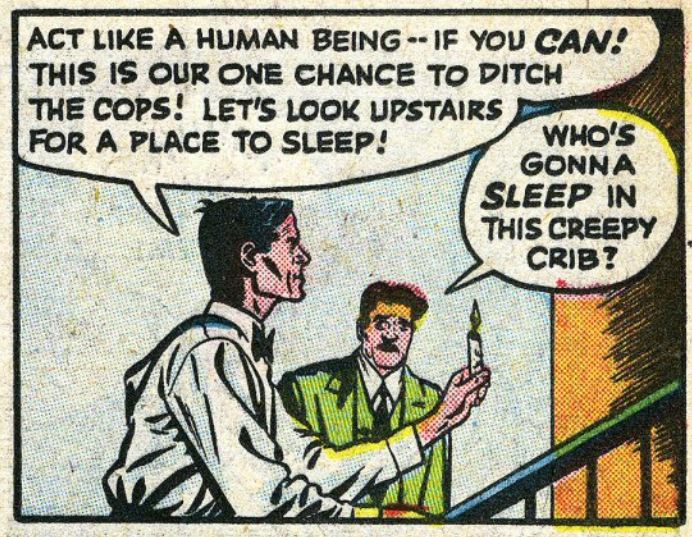
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING IN HERE! WHAT'S THE GAG?
WE WON'T WASTE ANY MORE OF YOUR TIME, SIR! THOSE RACKETEERS MUST BE GETTING AWAY!


YES, WE'LL BE GOING --- HAVE TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN ---
DON'T LAUGH, EBONY! IT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO ME!

YOU'RE QUITTING FOR THE NIGHT, SPIRIT? ALL RIGHT--- I'LL CATCH THOSE TWO, MYSELF, WITHOUT YOU DRAGGIN' ME INTO SOME INFERNAL TOY STORE!
THIS ISN'T LIKE YO', MIST' SPIRIT BOSS!

NOW THAT DOLAN'S GONE, WE'LL MAKE ANOTHER CHECKUP AT THAT NOVELTY SHOP!
HOT DAWG!

THOSE DUMB FLATTIES HAVE PUSHED ON, STONY! WE'LL LIE LOW HERE UNTIL JUST BEFORE DAWN AND THEN MAKE OUR GETAWAY!
STAY HERE, WITH THIS MURDERED GUY? LOOK, I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, BUT ---


ACT LIKE A HUMAN BEING -- IF YOU CAN! THIS IS OUR ONE CHANCE TO DITCH THE COPS! LET'S LOOK UPSTAIRS FOR A PLACE TO SLEEP!
WHO'S GONNA SLEEP IN THIS CREEPY CRIB?

AH HEARD 'EM LOCKIN' THE DOOR!
QUIET, EBONY! WE'LL SEE IF THERE'S A WAY DOWN FROM THE ROOF!

NO COPS UP HERE, ANYWAY!
I KINDA WISH THERE WAS! THEY MIGHT PERTECT US, IF ---

GET RID OF THOSE SHAKES, STONY ---
YIKE! LOOK!

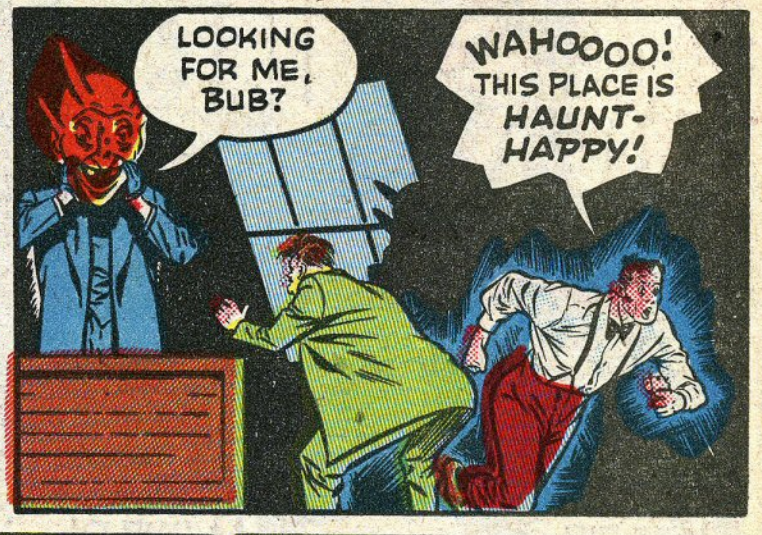
A PAIR O' LEGS, WITHOUT A BODY! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!
THERE'S NOTHING THERE! YOU MUSTA BEEN SAMPLIN' THE LICKER AT TUFFY'S --- GENERALLY IT GIVES PINK-SPOTTED ELEPHANTS!

BRACE UP! LOOK AND CONVINCE YOURSELF!
AWRIGHT--- AWRIGHT---

YIIIIIIIKE! I'M SEEIN' MORE OF 'EM!

WAIT TILL I DRAW MY GUN, STONY! I'LL GO RIGHT TO THE PLACE AND SHOW YOU IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION --- IF ANY!
PSSST, EBONY--- LIE LOW! LET ME HANDLE THIS!

YOU SEE, STONY? NO GHOSTS OR EVIL SPIRITS OR ---


LOOKING FOR ME, BUB?
WAHOOOO! THIS PLACE IS HAUNT-HAPPY!

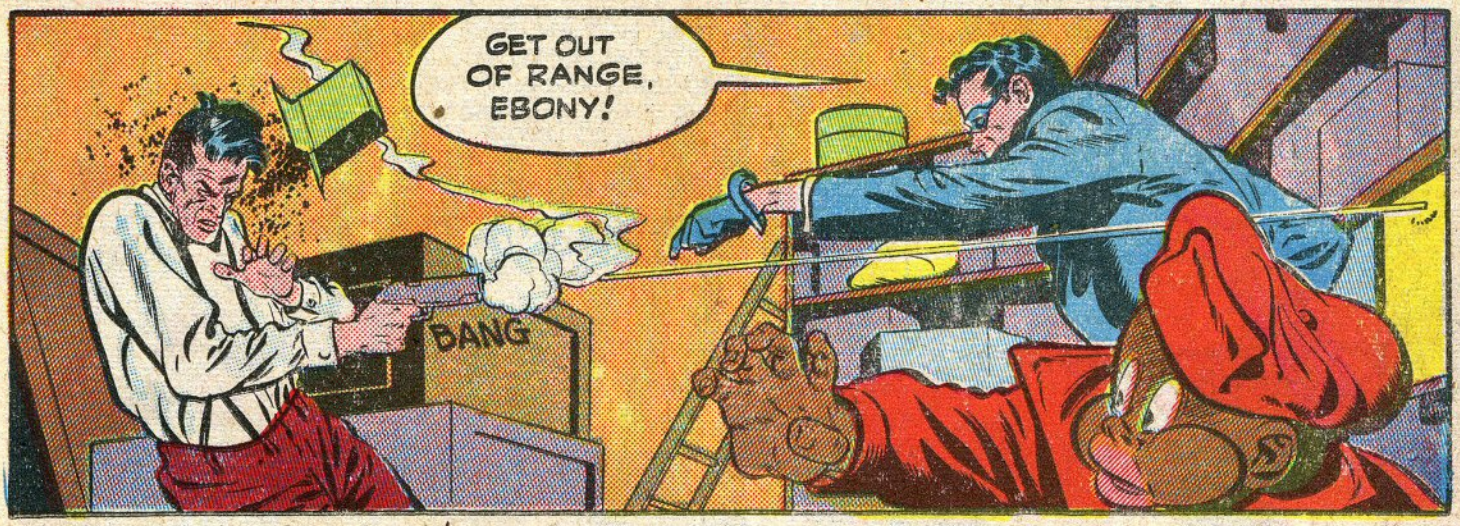
I SAID I'D HANDLE IT, EBONY!
A, GAG,HIIU?. WELL, GAG ON THIS BLUNDER-BUSS!

WHAT.? HE @%**!! THE GUN'S A PHONY!
YOUR ACT NEEDS A SOCK FINISH!

OKAY, I'M BACK! REACH HIGH!

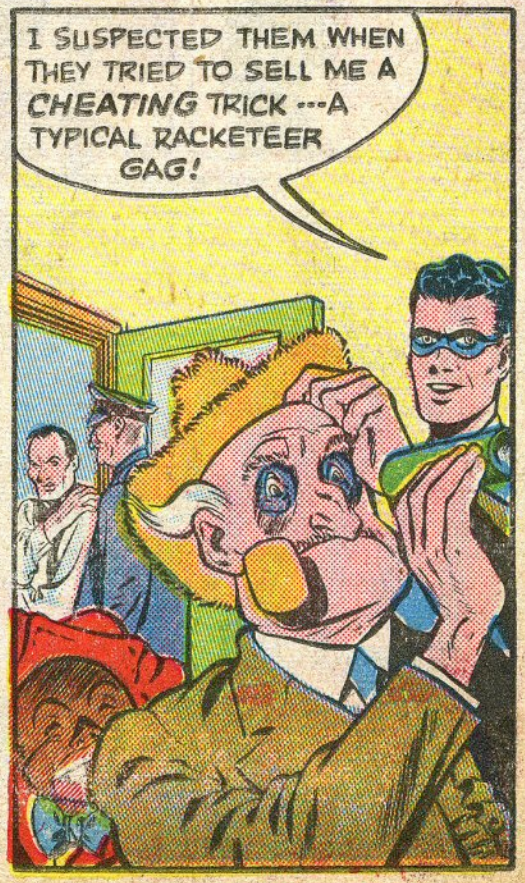
I WAS STARTLED, JUST FOR THE MOMENT! WHEN MY PAL WAKES UP, I'LL PLUG YOU BOTH, JUST LIKE I PLUGGED THE GUY WHO OWNS THIS SCREWY STORE!
CAN'T WE PUT DOWN OUR ARMS?

KEEP 'EM UP, OR I'LL PLUG YOU WITHOUT WAITING FOR STONY TO SIT UP AND ENJOY IT!
IT'S A SHAME TO QUIT BEFORE WE SAMPLE ALL THE MERCHANDISE, SO-----
ITCH POWDER

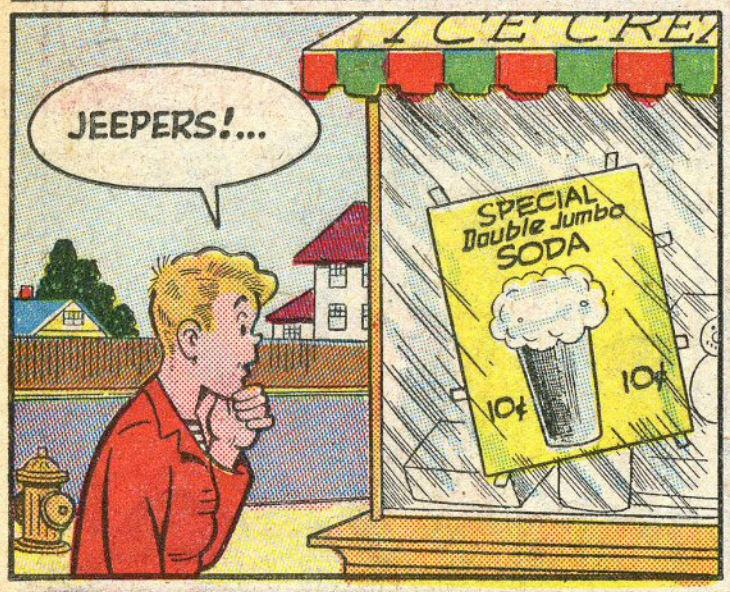

GET OUT OF RANGE, EBONY!
BANG

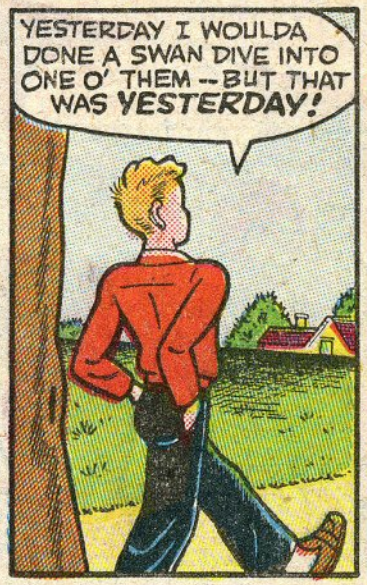
AH'LL GET THE SHOOTIN' IRON, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS!
TELL HIM TO PUT UP HIS HANDS—WHEN HE'S THROUGH SCRATCHING!

GET BACK TO THE KUTTUP SHOP, DOLAN! EBONY AND I HAVE YOUR TWO MISSING RACKETEERS---THEY'RE ITCHING TO SEE YOUR DE LUXE CELL!


I SUSPECTED THEM WHEN THEY TRIED TO SELL ME A CHEATING TRICK---A TYPICAL RACKETEER GAG!

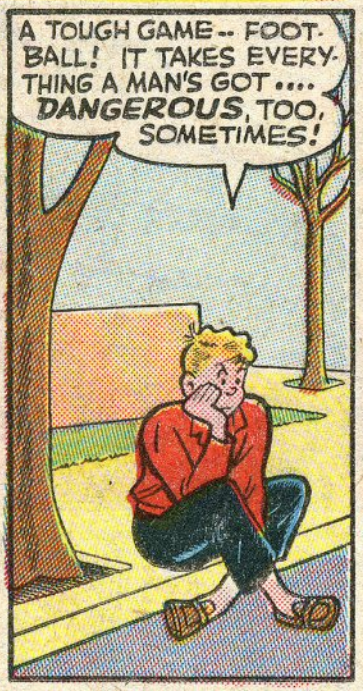
JONESY

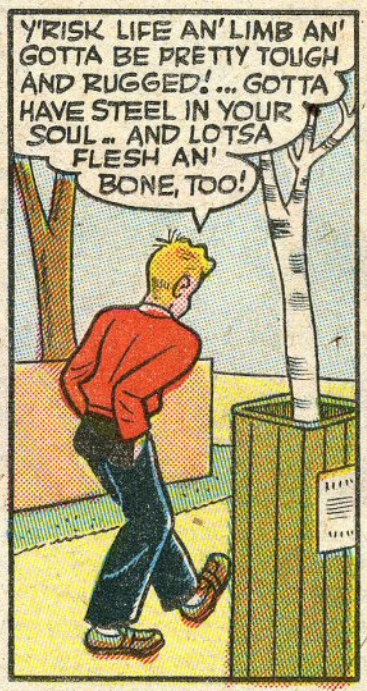

JEEPERS!...
SPECIAL
Double Jumbo
SODA
10¢
10¢

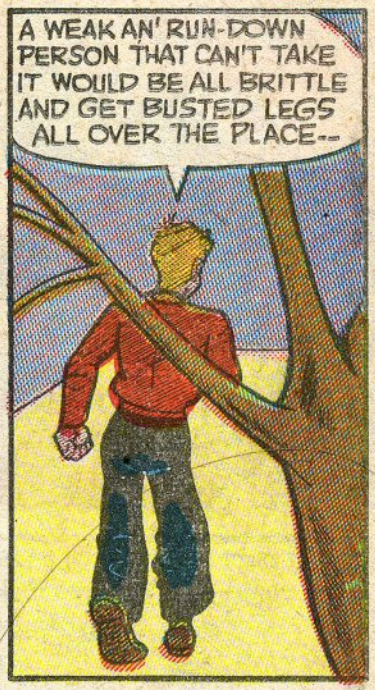

YESTERDAY I WOULDA DONE A SWAN DIVE INTO ONE O' THEM -- BUT THAT WAS YESTERDAY!

TODAY I START SERIOUS ALL-OUT TRAININ' FOR THE BIG GAME!

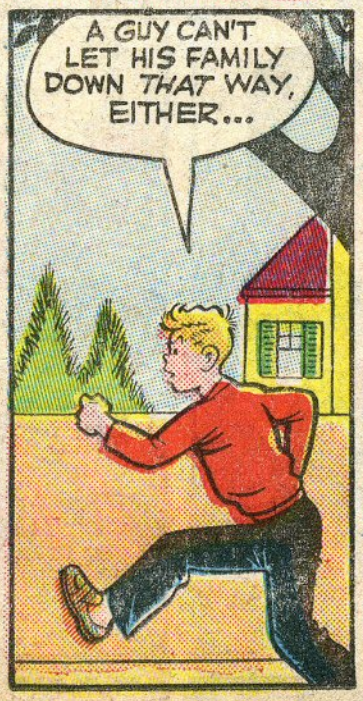
NO MORE SOFT LIVING FOR ME... THERE'S ENTIRELY TOO MUCH AT STAKE! -- STRICT SELF-DISCIPLINE IS THE ANSWER!

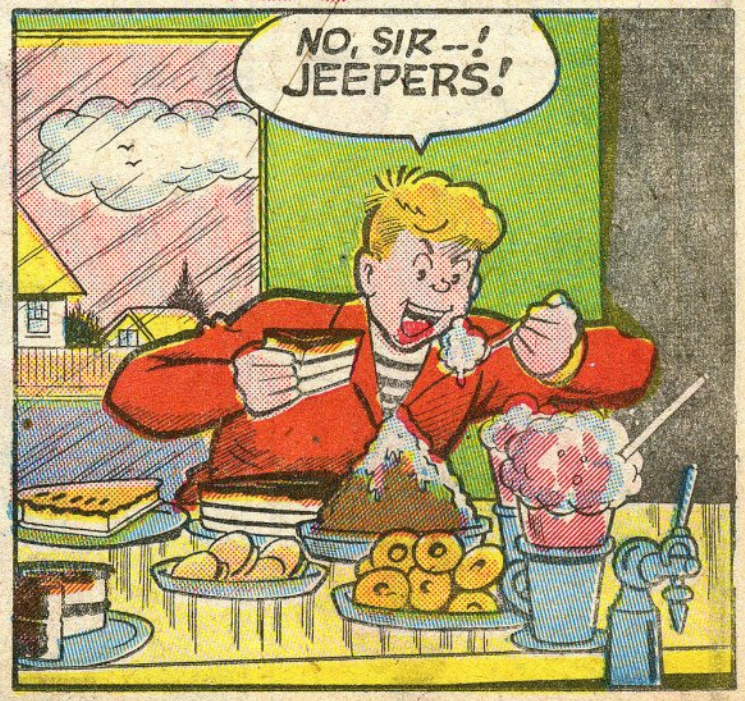

A TOUGH GAME -- FOOTBALL! IT TAKES EVERYTHING A MAN'S GOT.... DANGEROUS, TOO, SOMETIMES!

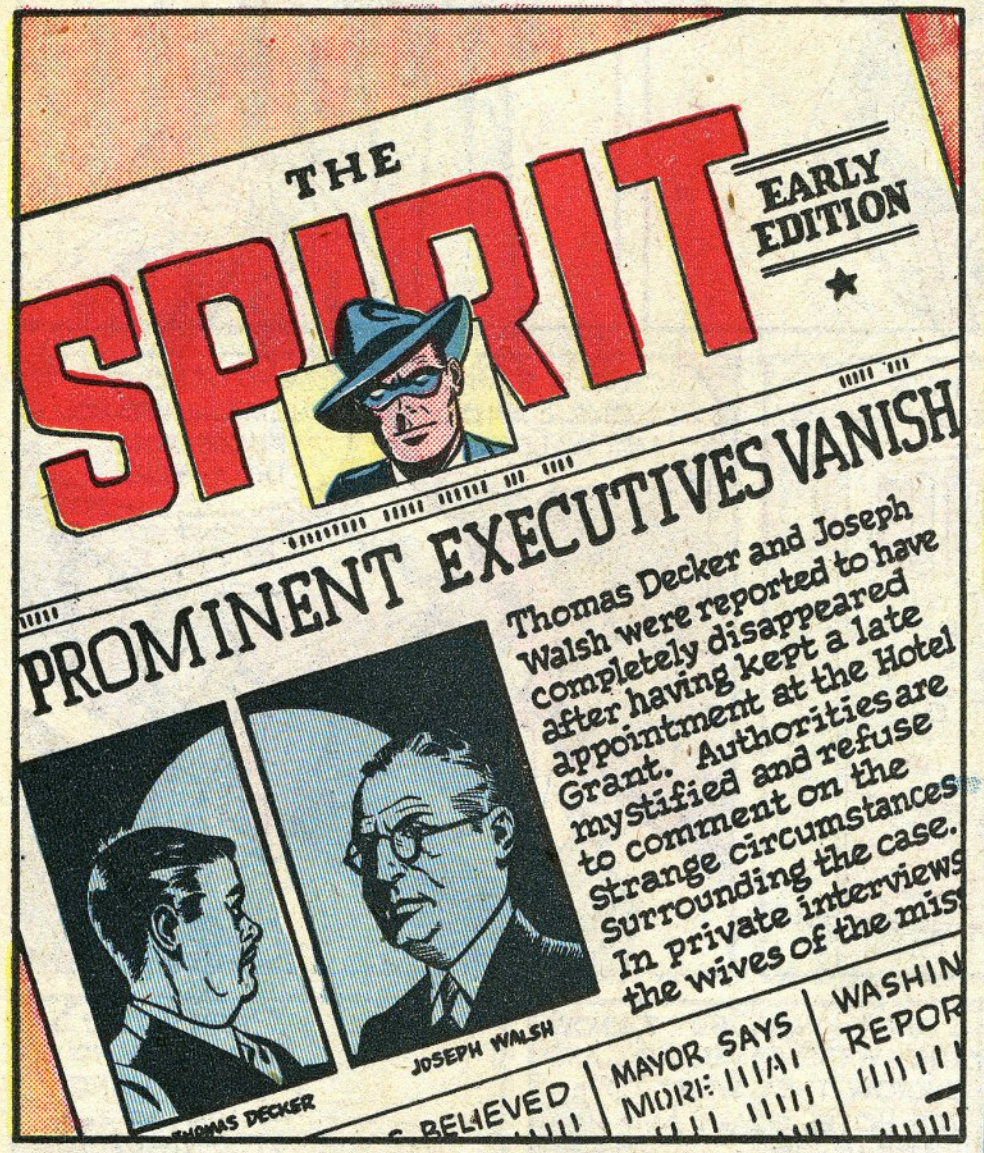

Y'RISK LIFE AN' LIMB AN' GOTTA BE PRETTY TOUGH AND RUGGED!... GOTTA HAVE STEEL IN YOUR SOUL... AND LOTSA FLESH AN' BONE, TOO!


A WEAK AN' RUN-DOWN PERSON THAT CAN'T TAKE IT WOULD BE ALL BRITTLE AND GET BUSTED LEGS ALL OVER THE PLACE--

AN' HAFTA PAY BIG DOCTOR BILLS... AN'--AN'-- MAYBE LEAVE THE FOLKS WITHOUT ANY SUPPORT IN THEIR OLD AGE.... THAT'S IF HE OVER-DID HIS TRAININ' STUFF AND ALMOST STARVED HIMSELF...

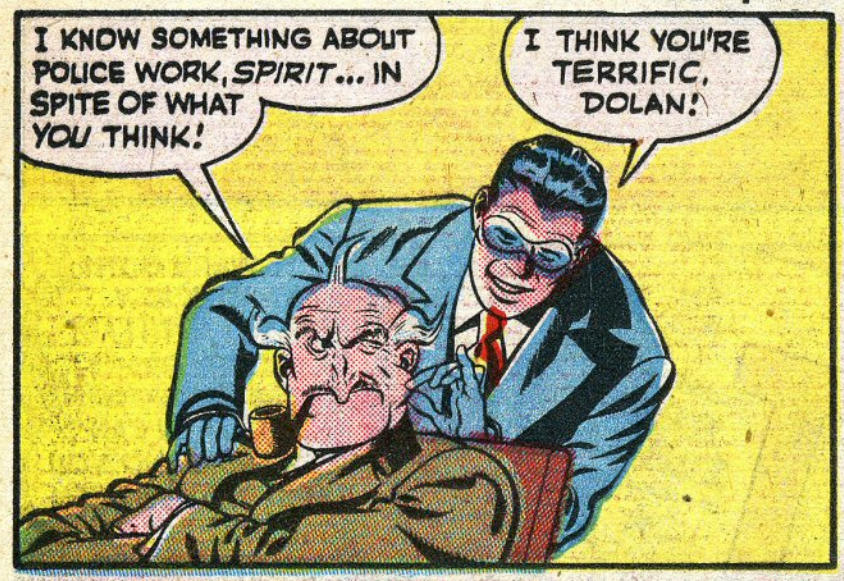

A GUY CAN'T LET HIS FAMILY DOWN THAT WAY, EITHER...


NO, SIR --! JEEPERS!


THE
SPIRIT
EARLY EDITION
PROMINENT EXECUTIVES VANISH
Thomas Decker and Joseph Walsh were reported to have completely disappeared after having kept a late appointment at the Hotel Grant. Authorities are mystified and refuse to comment on the strange circumstances surrounding the case. In private interviews the wives of the mis
JOSEPH WALSH
THOMAS DECKER
BELIEVED
MAYOR SAYS
WASHIN
REPOR

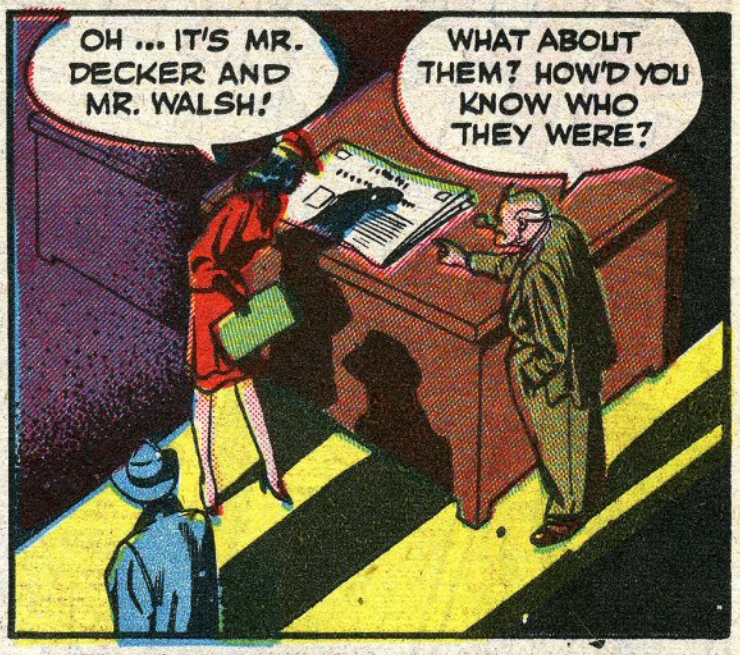
WE KNOW THEY WERE BOTH GAMBLING AND WE KNOW THAT THEY WERE BOTH LAST SEEN IN THE HOTEL GRANT!
AND NOW YOU CAN'T FIND THEM AND YOU THINK THEY'VE BEEN RUBBED OUT!

I SUPPOSE YOU CHECKED WITH THE HOTEL PEOPLE!
EXACTLY! AND THEIR WIVES ARE FRANTIC!


I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT POLICE WORK, SPIRIT... IN SPITE OF WHAT YOU THINK!
I THINK YOU'RE TERRIFIC, DOLAN!

I GUESS YOU'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL RIGHT! SO LONG!
SURE... SURE... ONLY ...

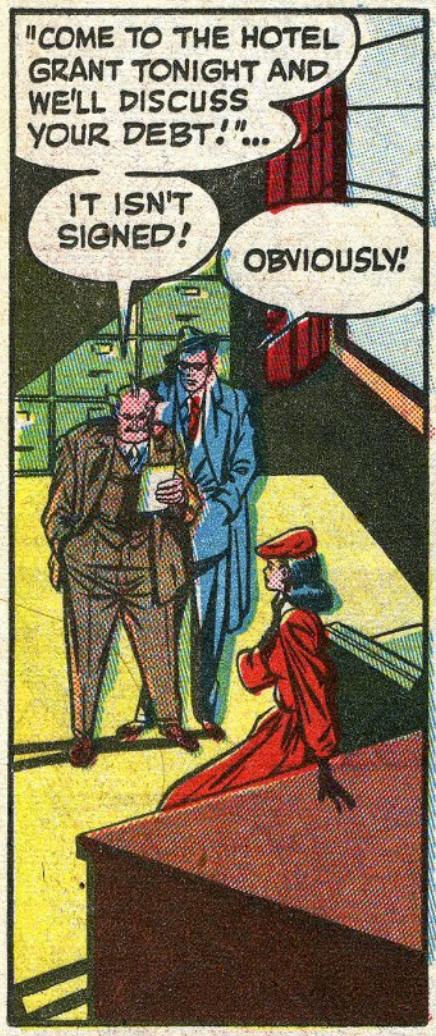
OH, EXCUSE ME! I'M LOOKING FOR THE COMMISSIONER!
HE'S RIGHT HERE!


OH ... IT'S MR. DECKER AND MR. WALSH!
WHAT ABOUT THEM? HOW'D YOU KNOW WHO THEY WERE?

THEY WERE MY HUSBAND'S FRIENDS! I'M AFRAID THE SAME THING THAT HAPPENED TO THEM WILL HAPPEN TO MY HUSBAND!
OH, YEAH... AND WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED?

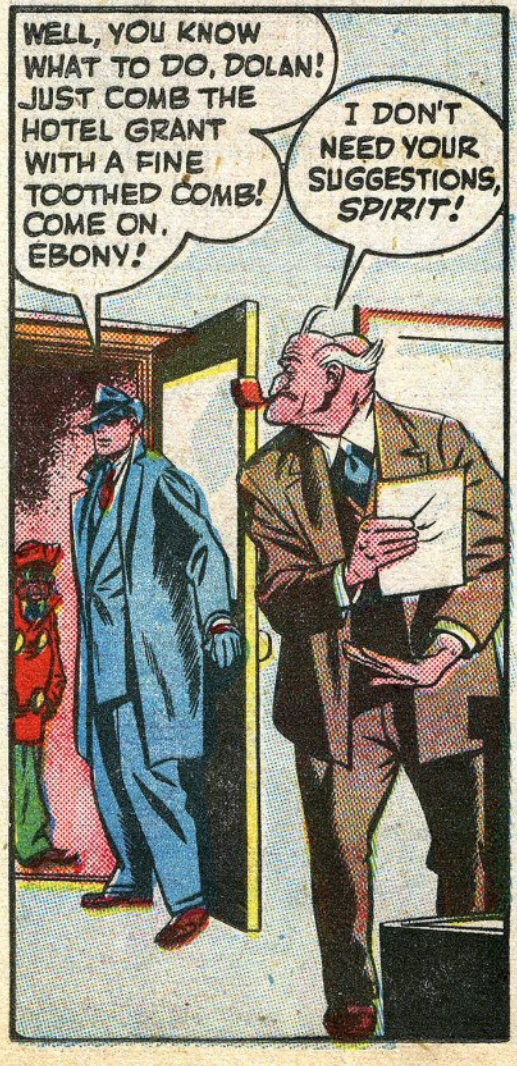
I DON'T KNOW... BUT I KNOW THEY WERE GAMBLING ... AND I KNOW THEY WENT TO THE HOTEL GRANT AND WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN!
AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOUR HUSBAND'S NEXT?

THIS NOTE! MY HUSBAND LEFT IT LYING IN HIS STUDY!


"COME TO THE HOTEL GRANT TONIGHT AND WE'LL DISCUSS YOUR DEBT!"...
IT ISN'T SIGNED!
OBVIOUSLY!

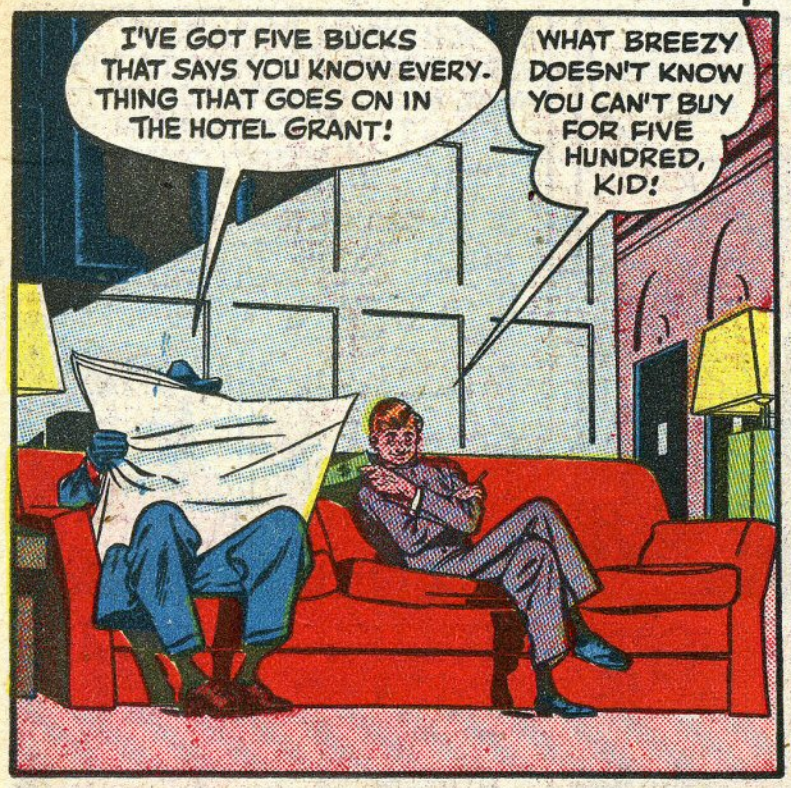
I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY!
I MUST HAVE CHANGED MY MIND!

DID YOU COME HERE RIGHT AWAY, MRS.-- ER...?
CHARTERS! NO... I WENT TO THE HOTEL GRANT TO LOOK FOR HIM, BUT NOBODY COULD TELL ME WHETHER THEY HAD SEEN HIM... AND THE HOTEL IS SO BIG... AND IT WAS HOPELESS!

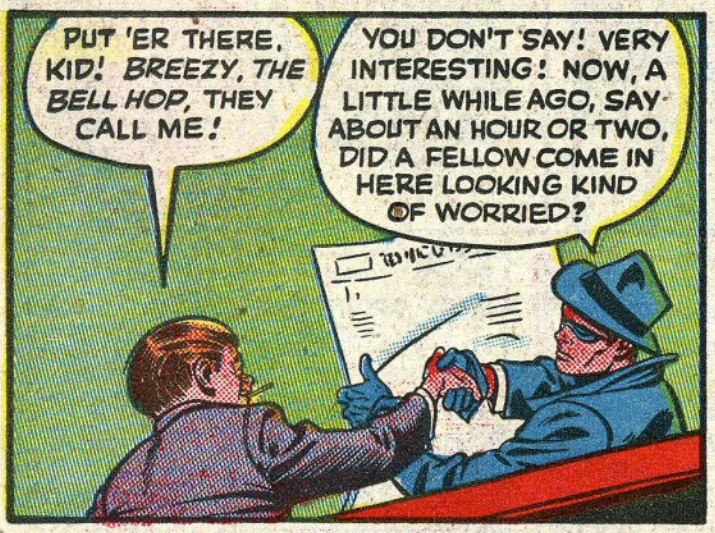

WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, DOLAN! JUST COMB THE HOTEL GRANT WITH A FINE TOOTHED COMB! COME ON, EBONY!
I DON'T NEED YOUR SUGGESTIONS, SPIRIT!

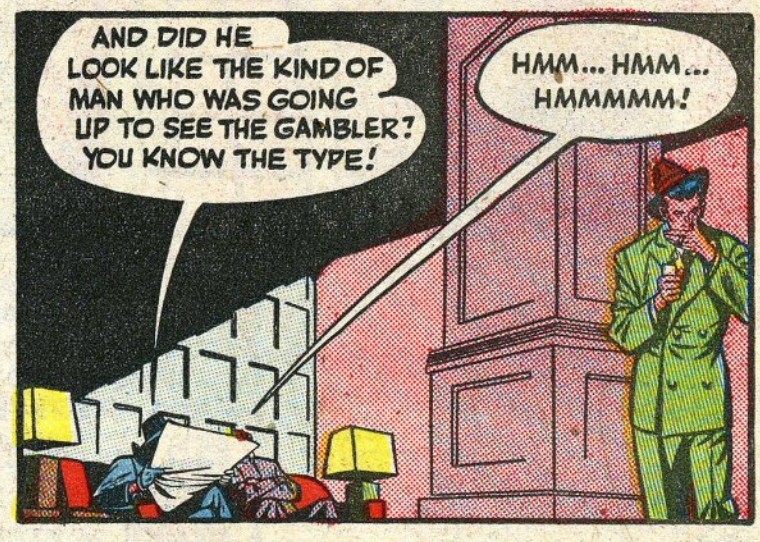
MIST' SPIRIT BOSS! YO' MEAN WE AIN'T GWINE TO FIND OUT WHUT HAPPENED TO MIST' CHARTERS?
OF COURSE WE ARE! I JUST WANTED TO WORRY DOLAN A LITTLE!

BEST THING TO DO, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS, IS TO LOOK OVER ALL THE NAMES ON THE REGISTER!
THAT'S THE WAY DOLAN TRIED IT! I'LL TRY A BELL HOP! THEY KNOW MORE THAN THE HOTEL REGISTER!

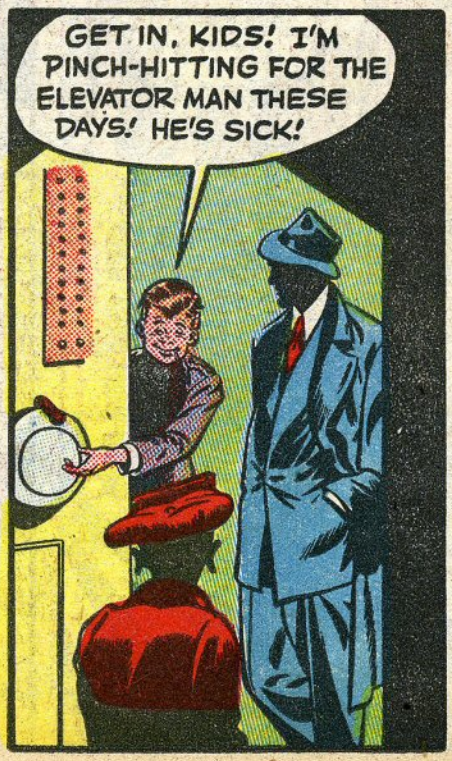

I'VE GOT FIVE BUCKS THAT SAYS YOU KNOW EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON IN THE HOTEL GRANT!
WHAT BREEZY DOESN'T KNOW YOU CAN'T BUY FOR FIVE HUNDRED, KID!

SUPPOSE YOU START WITH SOME DETAILS ABOUT A RESIDENT OF THE HOTEL WHO MIGHT BE IN THE NUMBERS RACKET, MAKE BOOK ON FIGHTS, SPORTS EVENTS--OR MAYBE RUN A FLOATING DICE GAME!
SAY, I KNOW YOU, KID! YOU'RE THE SPIRIT! ... BOY, I'VE HEARD PLENTY ABOUT YOU!


PUT 'ER THERE, KID! BREEZY, THE BELL HOP, THEY CALL ME!
YOU DON'T SAY! VERY INTERESTING! NOW, A LITTLE WHILE AGO, SAY ABOUT AN HOUR OR TWO, DID A FELLOW COME IN HERE LOOKING KIND OF WORRIED?


AND DID HE LOOK LIKE THE KIND OF MAN WHO WAS GOING UP TO SEE THE GAMBLER? YOU KNOW THE TYPE!
HMM... HMM... HMMMMM!

SPIRIT, YOU'RE ON THE BEAM! I SAW THE GUY! I KNOW WHERE HE WENT! I LIKE YOU! I LIKE THE FIVE BUCKS YOU GAVE ME! I'M GONNA HELP! LEAVE IT TO BREEZY!
OKAY, BREEZY!


GET IN, KIDS! I'M PINCH-HITTING FOR THE ELEVATOR MAN THESE DAYS! HE'S SICK!

WATCH THE SPEED I GET OUTA THIS THING! I'M TERRIFIC!

YAWP! HEY, YO' LEFT MAH STOMACH DOWNSTAIRS!
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY! I JUST KILL 'EM WITH THIS ELEVATOR! EVER SEE A STOP LIKE THAT?

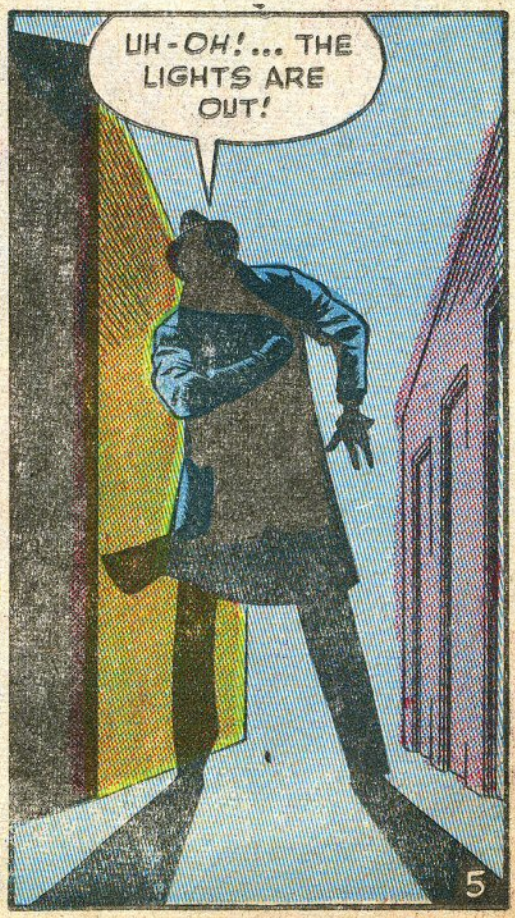
FRANKLY, NO! AND NOW WHAT?
YOUR MAN GOT OFF ON THIS FLOOR... AND I DIDN'T SEE HIM COME DOWN AGAIN! SO ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ASK AROUND FOR HIM!

YOU SURELY MAKE IT SOUND SIMPLE!
ALWAYS TRYING TO HELP OUT! ALWAYS TRYING TO MAKE THINGS EASIER FOR PEOPLE!

IT'LL TAKE LESS TIME IF YOU TRY SOME OF THE ROOMS AND I TRY OTHERS! ASK FOR MR. CHARTERS!
RIGHT, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS!

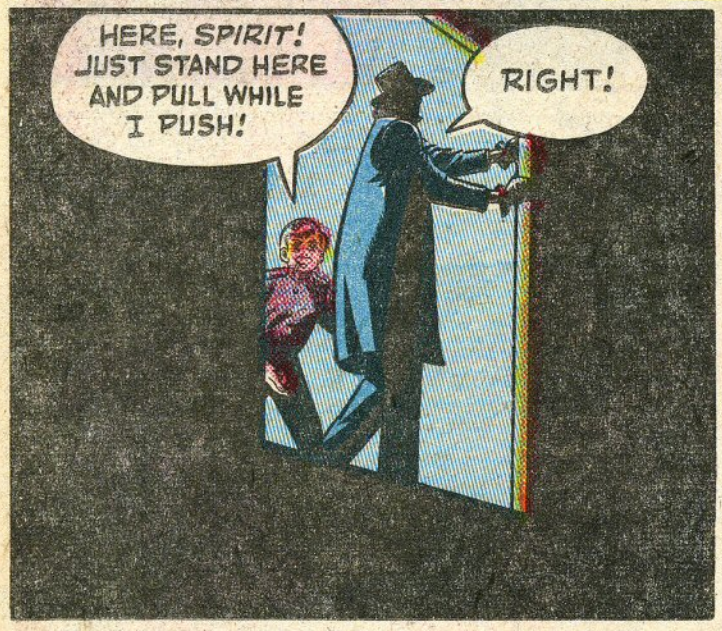
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY IN THERE!

ANOTHER EMPTY ONE! I WONDER HOW EBONY'S DOING!


UH-OH!... THE LIGHTS ARE OUT!

HEY, SPIRIT! GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS DOOR! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!
THAT'S BREEZY!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS? WHERE ARE YOU, BREEZY?
HERE, SPIRIT! A FUSE MUST HAVE BLOWN AND THIS ELEVATOR DOOR HAD TO WAIT UNTIL A MOMENT LIKE THIS TO GET JAMMED UP! ...IT'S ENOUGH TO SPOIL MY USUAL GOOD NATURE!

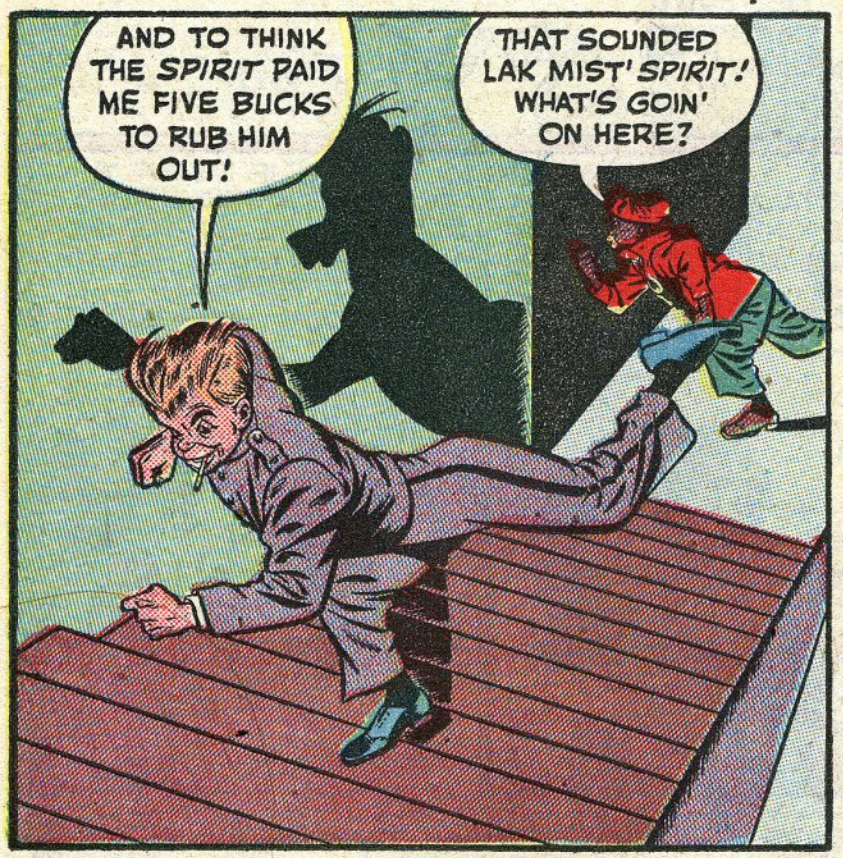

HERE, SPIRIT! JUST STAND HERE AND PULL WHILE I PUSH!
RIGHT!

HEY! WHAT THE...?
HA! HA! SORRY, SPIRIT!

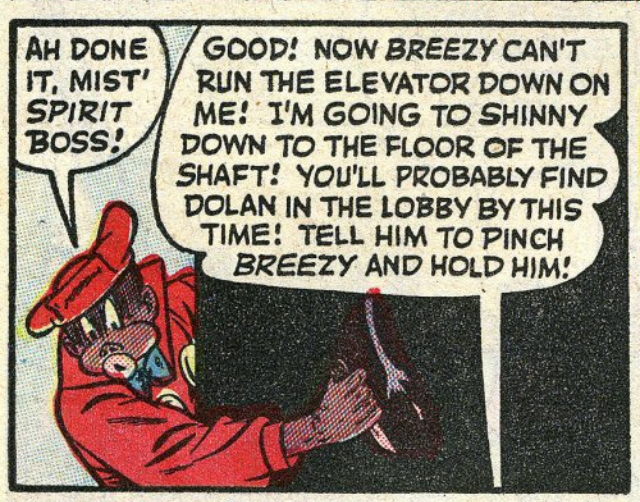
HO! HO! I TOLD YOU I JUST KILL 'EM WITH THIS ELEVATOR! SO LONG, SPIRIT!
EBONY!

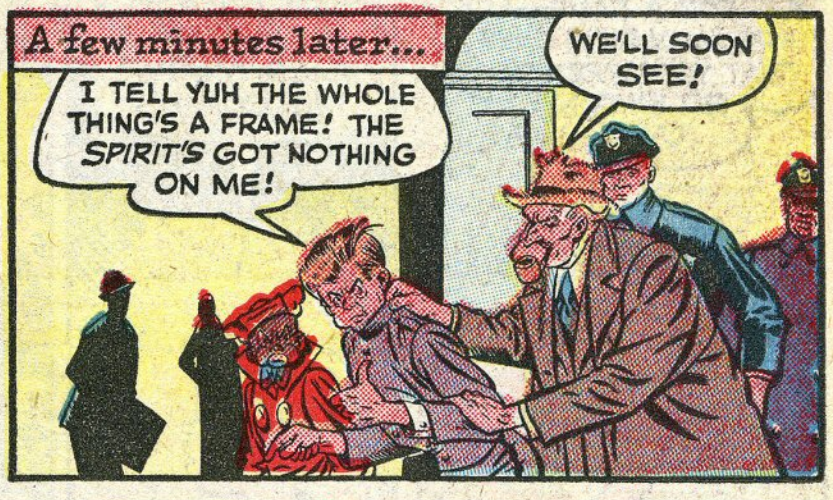
I GOT IT! NOW TO HOLD IT!

SO YOU HUNG ON, EH, SPIRIT? WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO DO SOME FANCY ELEVATOR JOCKEYING AND JAM YOU TO THE BOTTOM!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU MURDEROUS HYENA!


AND TO THINK THE SPIRIT PAID ME FIVE BUCKS TO RUB HIM OUT!
THAT SOUNDED LAK MIST' SPIRIT! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

MIST' SPIRIT BOSS! HOW'D YO' GIT DOWN THERE?
IT WAS A LITTLE COMPLICATED, EBONY! REACH IN AND CUT THAT POWER WIRE WITH YOUR PEN KNIFE! QUICK!


AH DONE IT, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS!
GOOD! NOW BREEZY CAN'T RUN THE ELEVATOR DOWN ON ME! I'M GOING TO SHINNY DOWN TO THE FLOOR OF THE SHAFT! YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND DOLAN IN THE LOBBY BY THIS TIME! TELL HIM TO PINCH BREEZY AND HOLD HIM!


A few minutes later...
I TELL YUH THE WHOLE THING'S A FRAME! THE SPIRIT'S GOT NOTHING ON ME!
WE'LL SOON SEE!

MY HUSBAND!
HE'S PRETTY BADLY HURT, MRS. CHARTERS ... BUT I THINK HE'LL LIVE! HE WAS LUCKIER THAN DECKER AND WALSH!

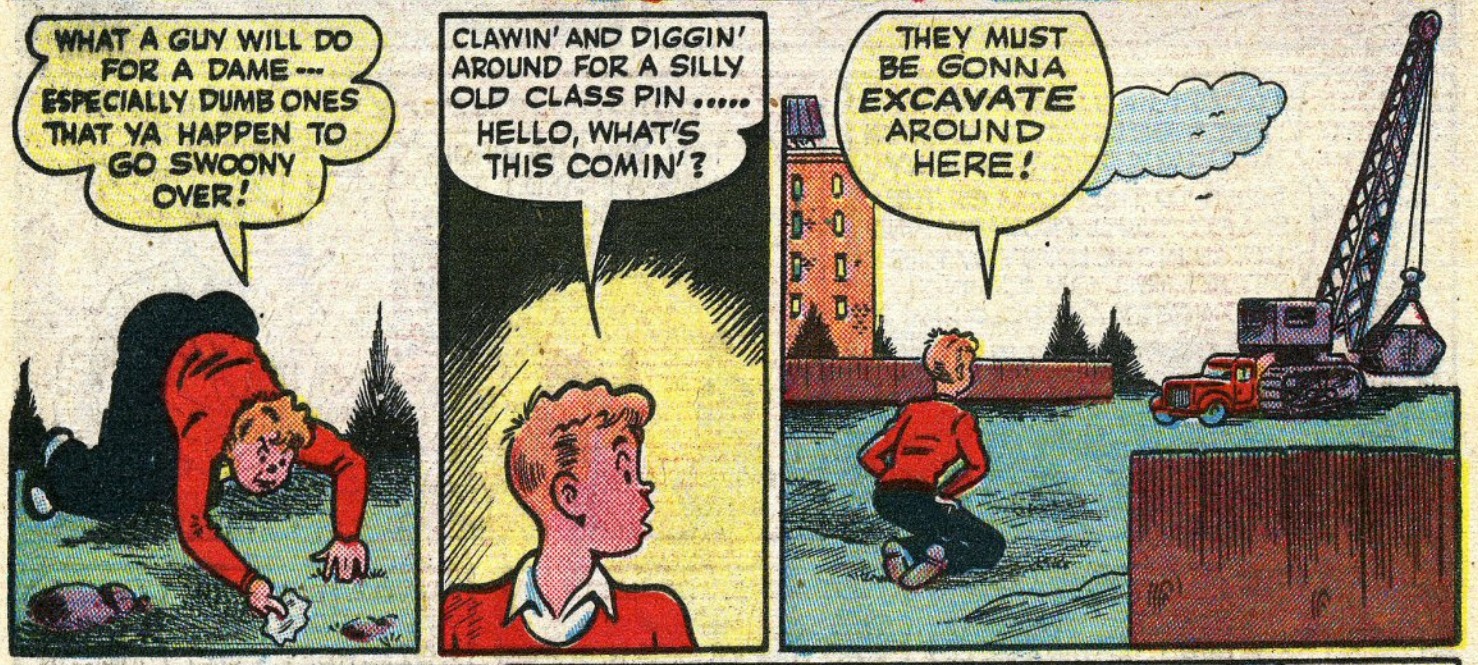
YOU'D NEVER THINK IT, BUT THE BIG TIME GAMBLER WHO WAS KILLING HIS CLIENTS FOR NOT PAYING THEIR DEBTS WAS THIS LITTLE BELL HOP!

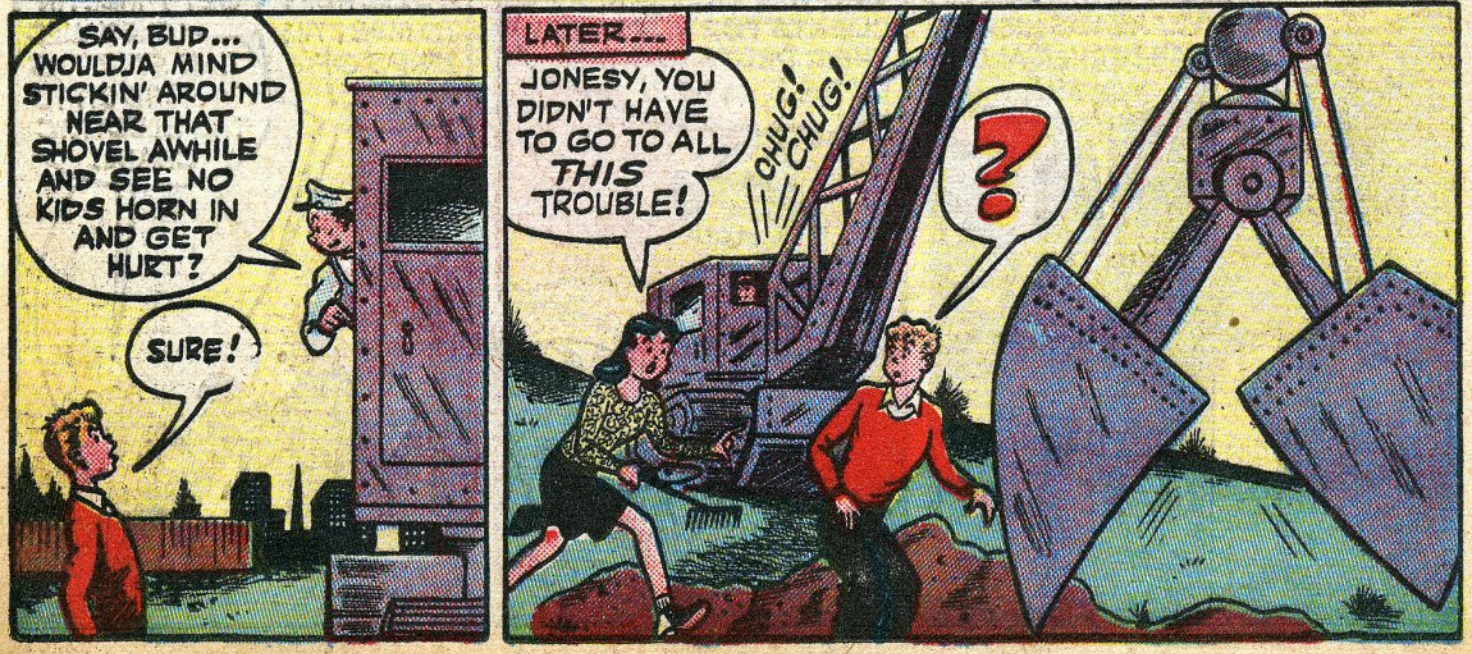
ALL RIGHT! WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEING A BELL HOP? Y'GET TO MEET ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE!
SHO'... ONLY MEETIN' ONE NAMED THE SPIRIT IS GWINE TO GIT YO' THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

The Spirit

JONESY

By DIB



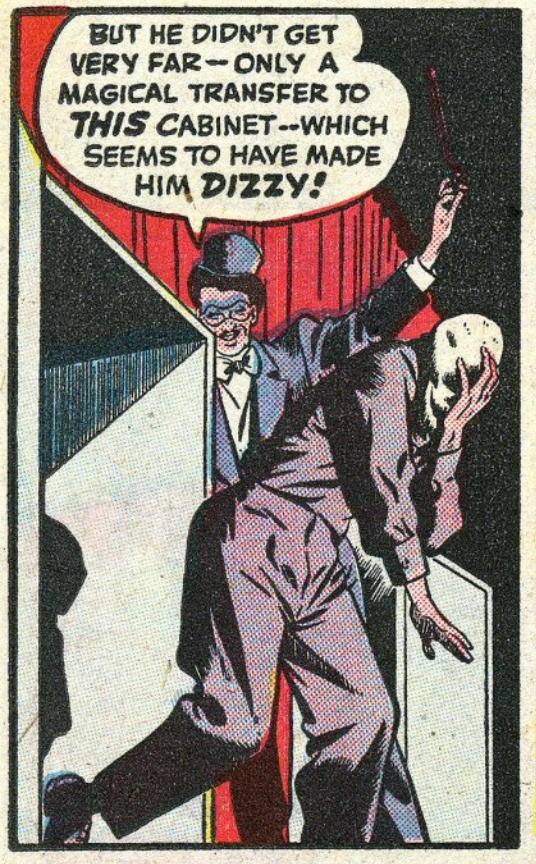


THE SPIRIT

The famous MASKED MAGICIAN plays his annual show at the state prison....
AND NOW FOR THE CLIMAX -- INTO THIS CABINET I MARCH THIS BLINDFOLDED MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE!

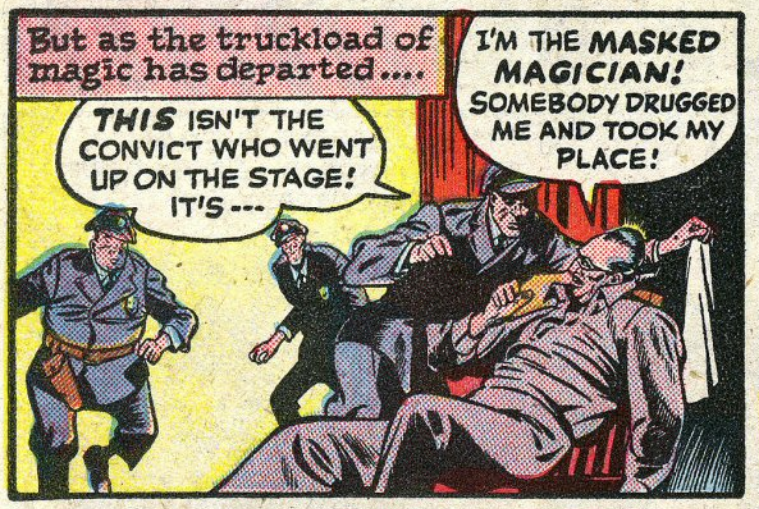
NEXT, THE MAGIC WORDS --- SACRAMENTO! PRESTO SCRAMMO!

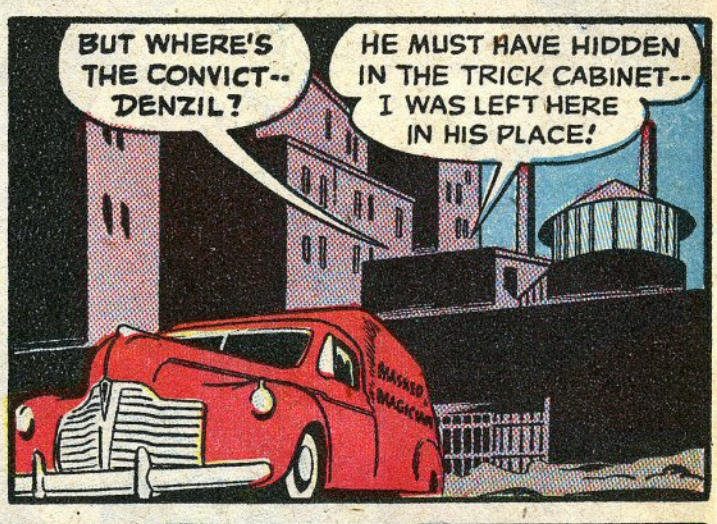
HE SEEMS TO BE GONE! JUST LIKE A PRISON BREAK -- HA! HA! HA!

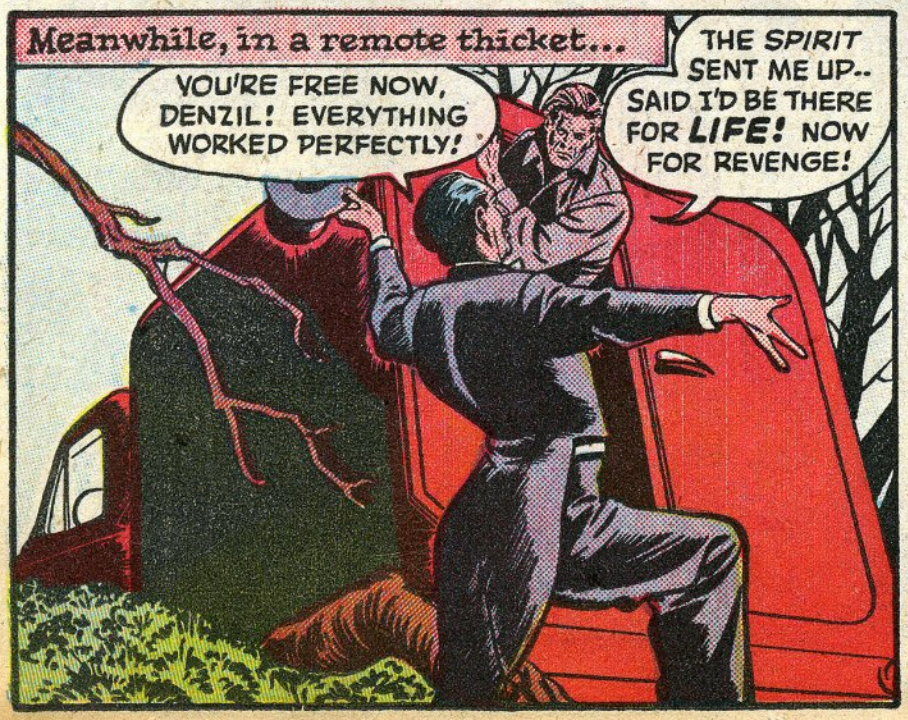

BUT HE DIDN'T GET VERY FAR — ONLY A MAGICAL TRANSFER TO THIS CABINET--WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE MADE HIM DIZZY!

SIT HERE, MY FRIEND, AND RECOVER! MEANWHILE, THE SHOW'S OVER! CARRY MY EQUIPMENT OUT!

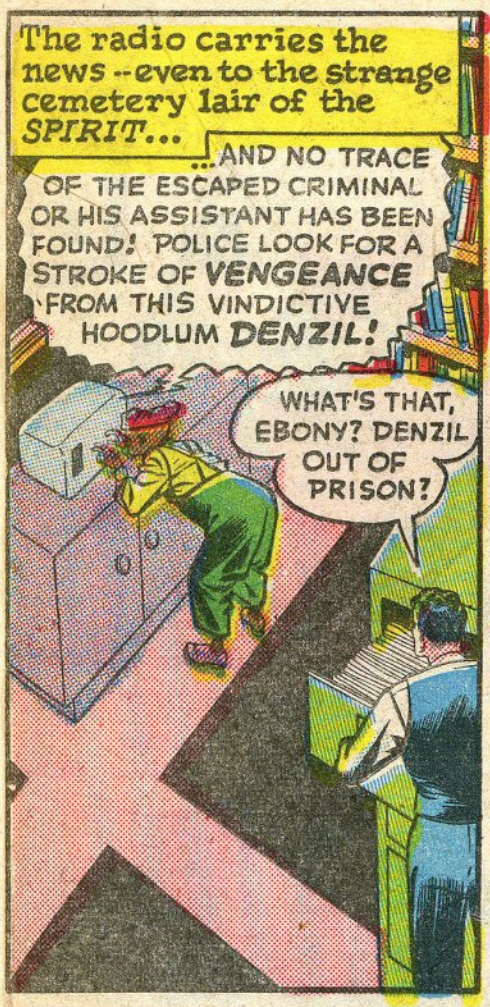
THANKS FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT! IT WAS BEWILDERING!
YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, WARDEN!


But as the truckload of magic has departed....
THIS ISN'T THE CONVICT WHO WENT UP ON THE STAGE! IT'S ---
I'M THE MASKED MAGICIAN! SOMEBODY DRUGGED ME AND TOOK MY PLACE!

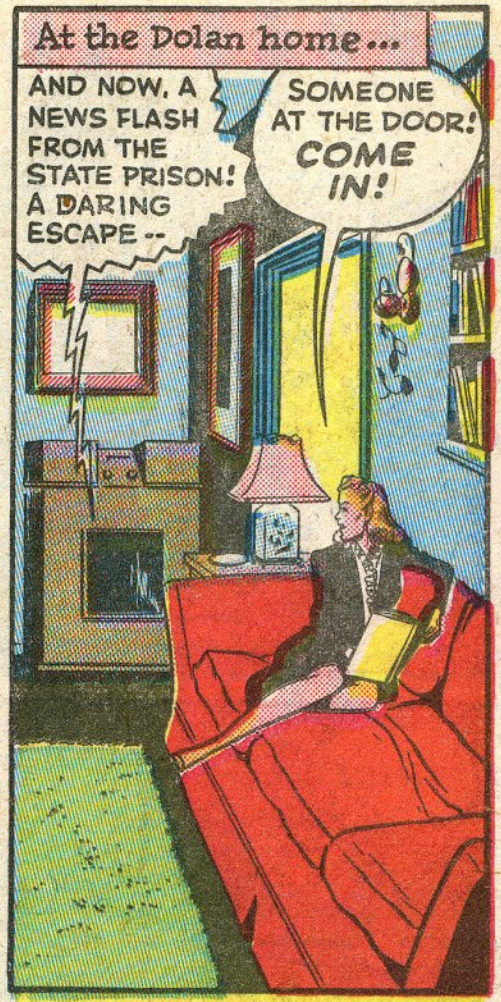

BUT WHERE'S THE CONVICT-- DENZIL?
HE MUST HAVE HIDDEN IN THE TRICK CABINET-- I WAS LEFT HERE IN HIS PLACE!

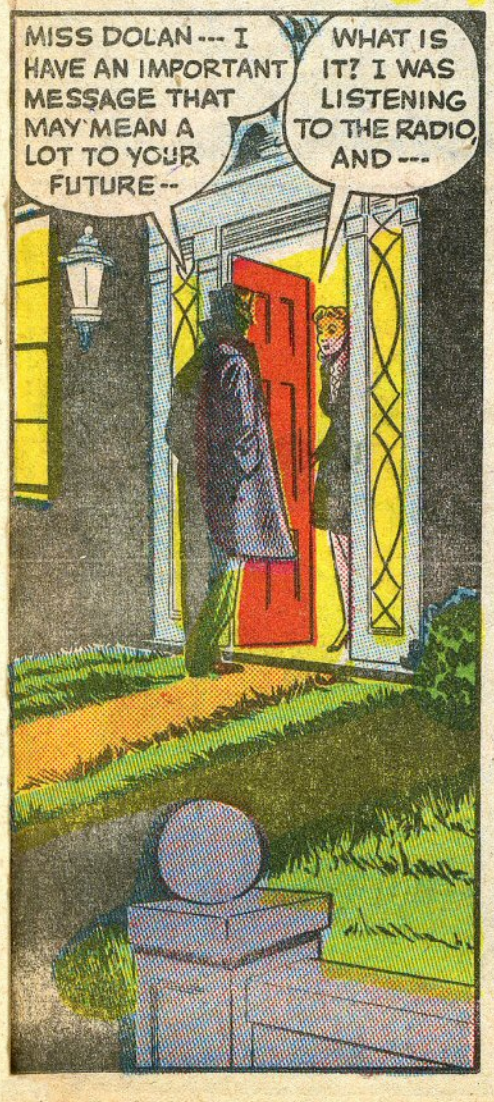

Meanwhile, in a remote thicket...
YOU'RE FREE NOW, DENZIL! EVERYTHING WORKED PERFECTLY!
THE SPIRIT SENT ME UP-- SAID I'D BE THERE FOR LIFE! NOW FOR REVENGE!

REVENGE?... FIRST ON THE SPIRIT?
NO, HE COMES SECOND! FIRST COMES--


The radio carries the news --even to the strange cemetery lair of the SPIRIT...
...AND NO TRACE OF THE ESCAPED CRIMINAL OR HIS ASSISTANT HAS BEEN FOUND! POLICE LOOK FOR A STROKE OF VENGEANCE FROM THIS VINDICTIVE HOODLUM DENZIL!
WHAT'S THAT, EBONY? DENZIL OUT OF PRISON?

AT LEAST AH'S IN THE CLEAH, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS! ... I DIDN'T HELP YOU CAPTURE HIM!
NO, MY HELPER WAS ELLEN DOLAN!


At the Dolan home...
AND NOW, A NEWS FLASH FROM THE STATE PRISON! A DARING ESCAPE --
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR! COME IN!

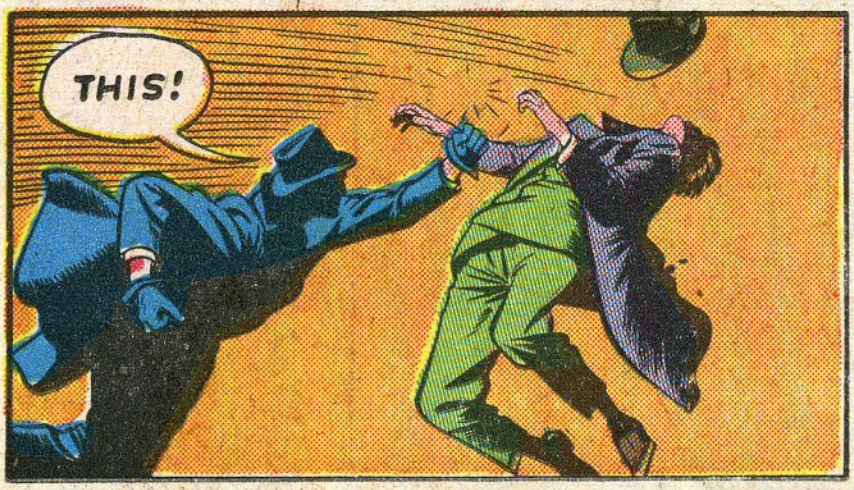

MISS DOLAN --- I HAVE AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE THAT MAY MEAN A LOT TO YOUR FUTURE --
WHAT IS IT? I WAS LISTENING TO THE RADIO, AND ---

--AND NOW THE RUTHLESS DENZIL IS AT LARGE!
RIGHT! AND HERE I AM!

YOU MADE A FOOL OF ME! YOU HELPED THE SPIRIT TRICK ME INTO PRISON!
YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME?

YES, KILL---
ELLEN!

SO MUCH THE BETTER! I GET DOUBLE REVENGE!
NO, WHAT YOU'LL GET IS---

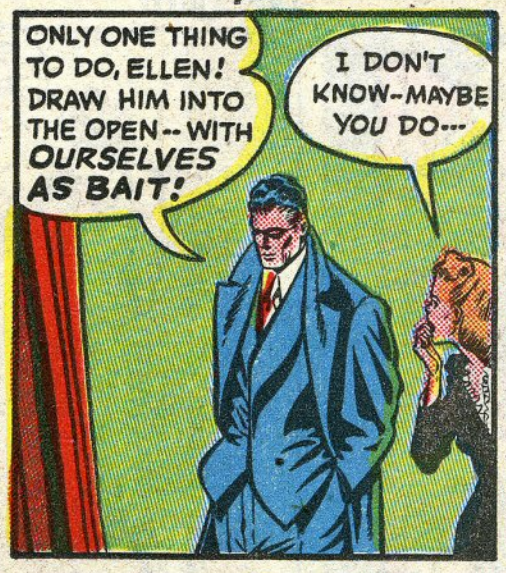

THIS!

I FIGURED HE'D HEAD FOR YOUR PLACE, ELLEN! NOW BACK TO JAIL HE GOES!
MAYBE NOT---

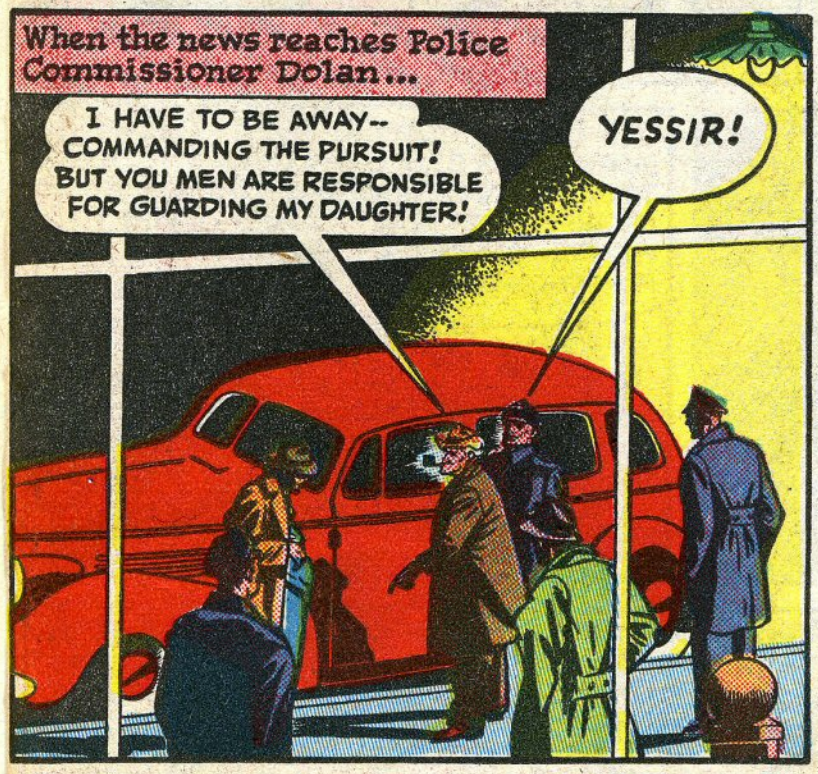
THAT TRICK OVERCOAT BELONGED TO THE MASKED MAGICIAN! GOODBYE!

AND THIS WATER-POWER SHOE IS ANOTHER GADGET OF HIS! I'LL SEE YOU BOTH WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT ME!

VANISHED--- LIKE SOMETHING IN A MAGIC SHOW!
HE MUST HAVE MANY OTHER TRICKS, WHICH HE'LL USE IN HIS REVENGE PLOT! WHAT SHALL WE DO?


ONLY ONE THING TO DO, ELLEN! DRAW HIM INTO THE OPEN -- WITH OURSELVES AS BAIT!
I DON'T KNOW--MAYBE YOU DO---

NO, I DON'T -- YET! AND I WONDER HOW MUCH TIME HE'LL GIVE US TO PLAN OUR OWN SLEIGHT-OF-HAND!


When the news reaches Police Commissioner Dolan...
I HAVE TO BE AWAY-- COMMANDING THE PURSUIT! BUT YOU MEN ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR GUARDING MY DAUGHTER!
YESSIR!

Night comes....
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
ONLY A LIGHT FOR MY PIPE, OFFICER!

YOU'RE THE GUY WE'RE LOOKING FOR! DENZIL!
GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS! YOU'RE RIGHT!--

THIS PIPE IS FILLED WITH SLEEPING GAS! HAPPY DREAMS, COPPER!

IN WE GO! DON'T USE THAT GUN UNLESS WE HAVE TO -- I WANT HER TO DIE SLOWLY!

SHE'S IN THE NEXT ROOM! GRAB HER -- I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU---

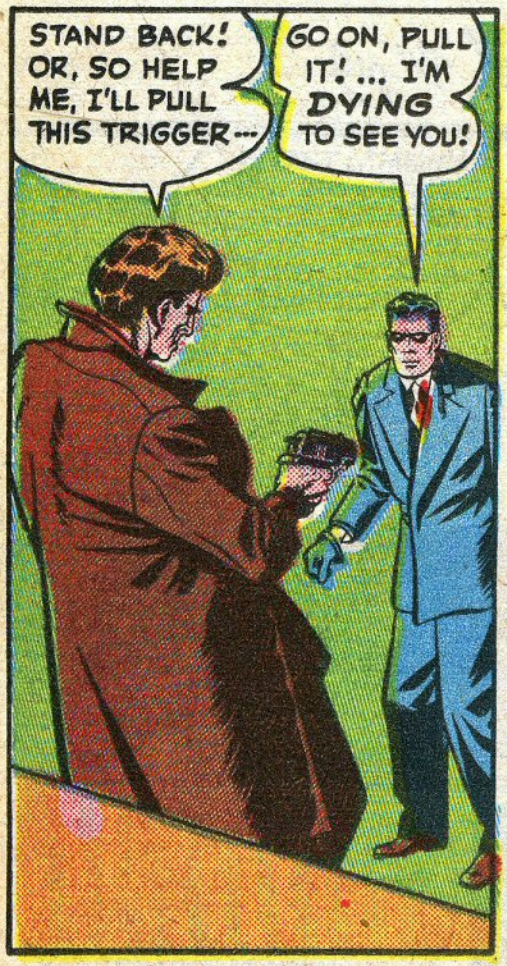
YES, DENZIL, BUT WHO'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU?

THIS TRIPLE-POWER MAGNET IS A STAGE TRICK YOU OVERLOOKED! IT TAKES AWAY THAT WEAPON YOU'RE FLASHING AROUND!
QUICK! INTO THE NEXT ROOM! SMASH THAT GIRL!

BREAK EVERY BONE IN HER BODY!
IMPOSSIBLE! YOU SEE---

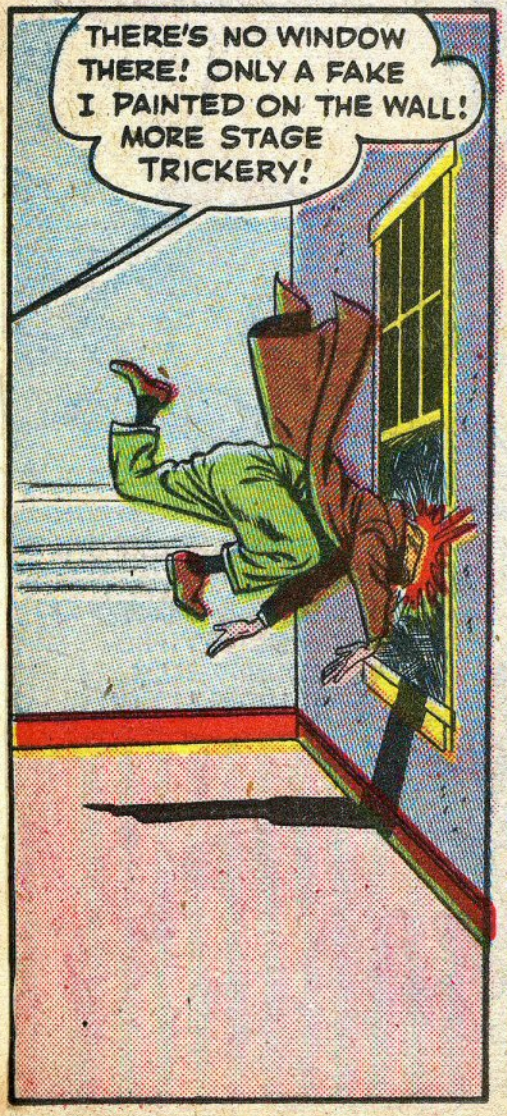
---IT'S ONLY A PAPER CUTOUT-- IT HASN'T ANY BONES!

YOU'RE ONLY A STOOGE! YOU MUST BE TIRED OF HELPING DENZIL -- TAKE A REST!
A GUN -- THIS TIME YOU SLIPPED UP, SPIRIT!


STAND BACK! OR, SO HELP ME, I'LL PULL THIS TRIGGER---
GO ON, PULL IT! ... I'M DYING TO SEE YOU!

IT'S ANOTHER MAGICIAN'S TRICK! NOT AN AWFULLY GOOD ONE, BUT SOMEBODY MIGHT LIKE IT!

THE WINDOW'S OPEN! I'LL JUMP! --YOU WON'T TRAP ME! I'LL ---
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

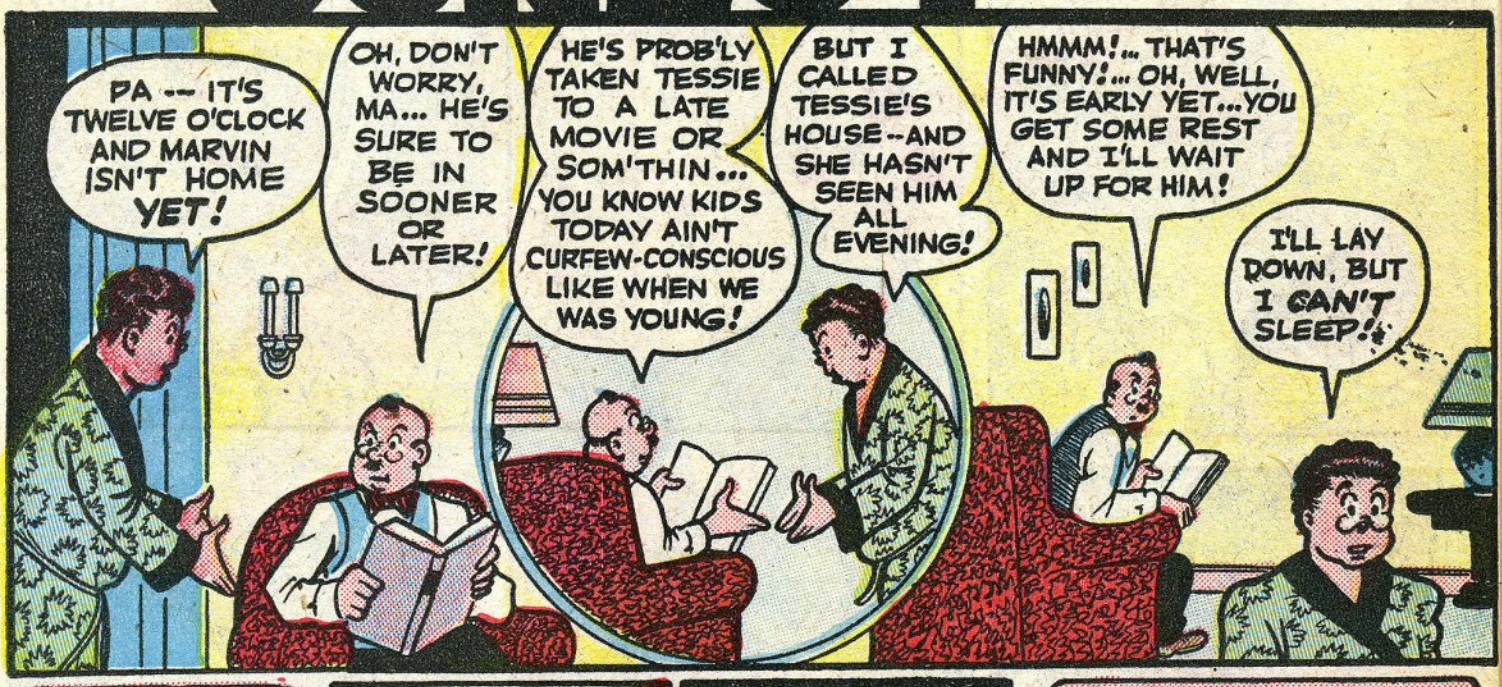

THERE'S NO WINDOW THERE! ONLY A FAKE I PAINTED ON THE WALL! MORE STAGE TRICKERY!

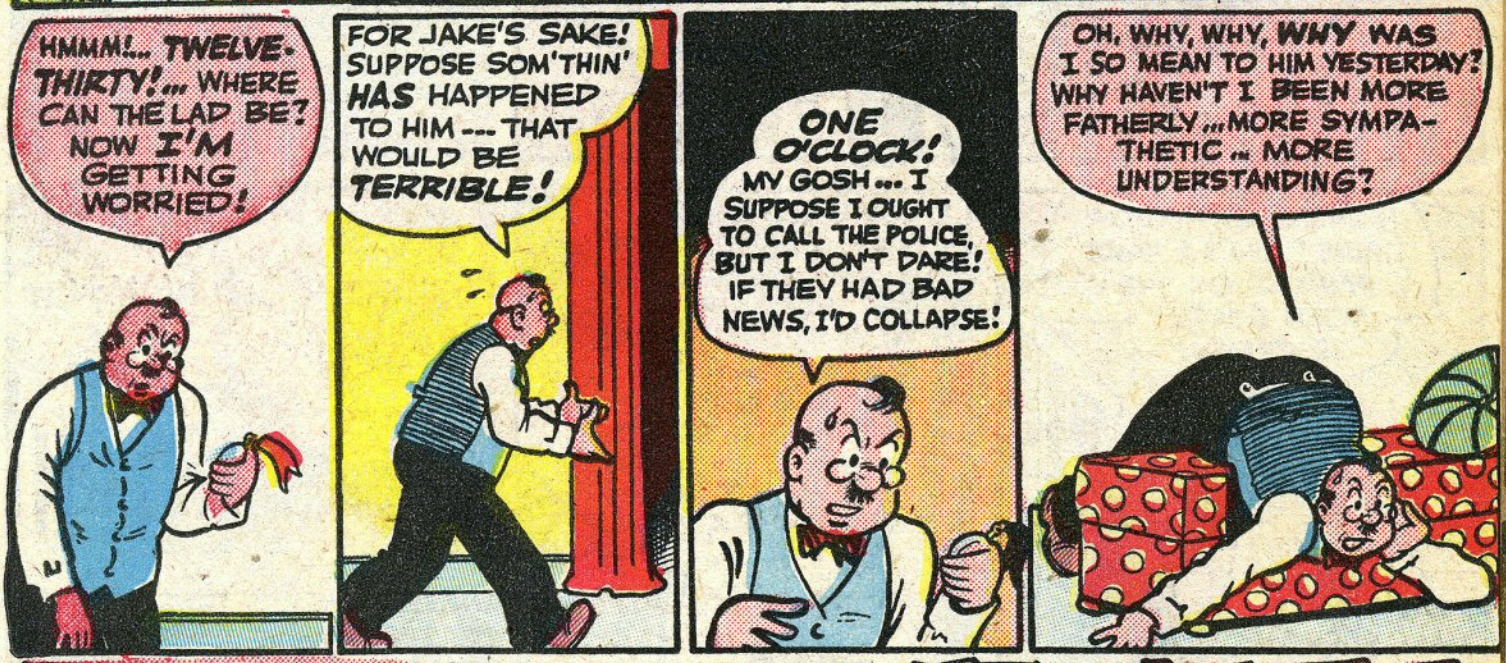
I KNEW YOU'D HANDLE EVERYTHING, SPIRIT!
SEND THE PATROL AMBULANCE, DOLAN! THE MASTER MINDS WERE SO WRAPPED UP IN THEIR OWN MAGIC TRICKS, THEY DIDN'T STOP TO THINK I MIGHT HAVE A FEW!

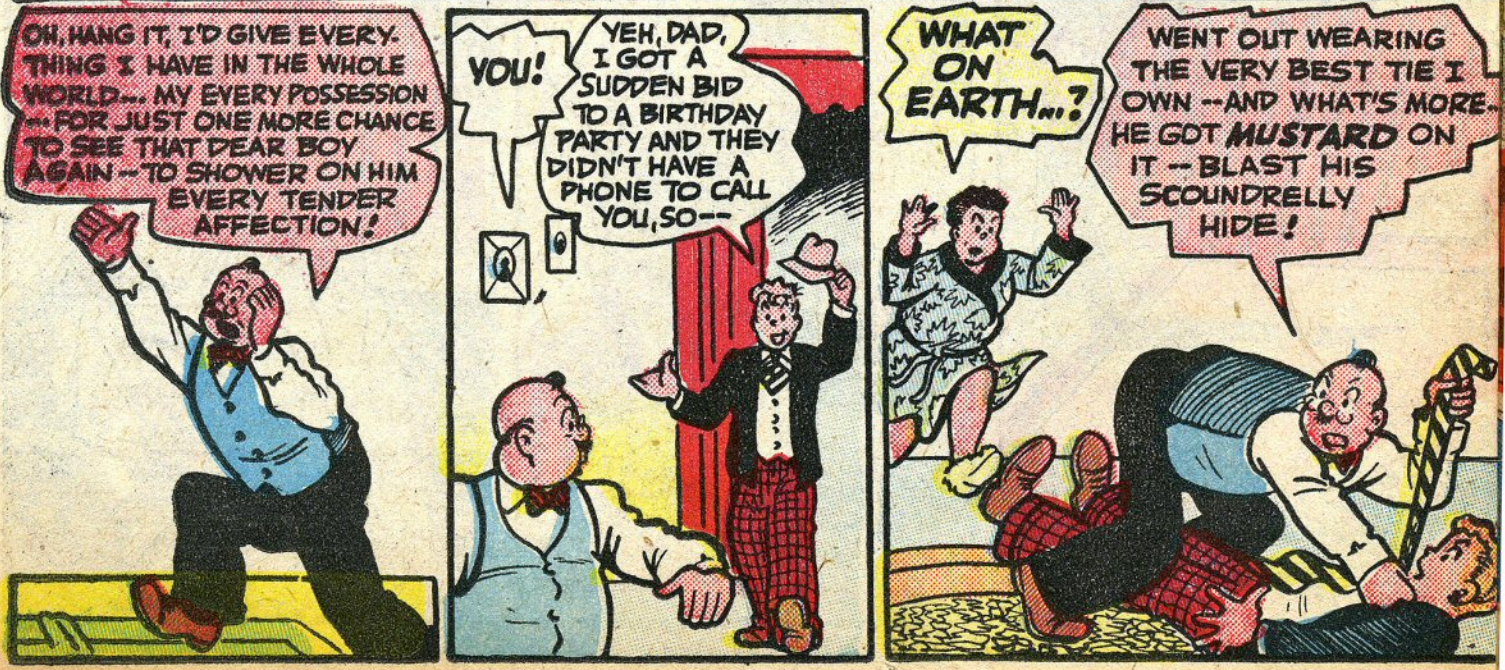
THAT O-O-OOLD BLACK MAGIC....
TURN THAT THING OFF!

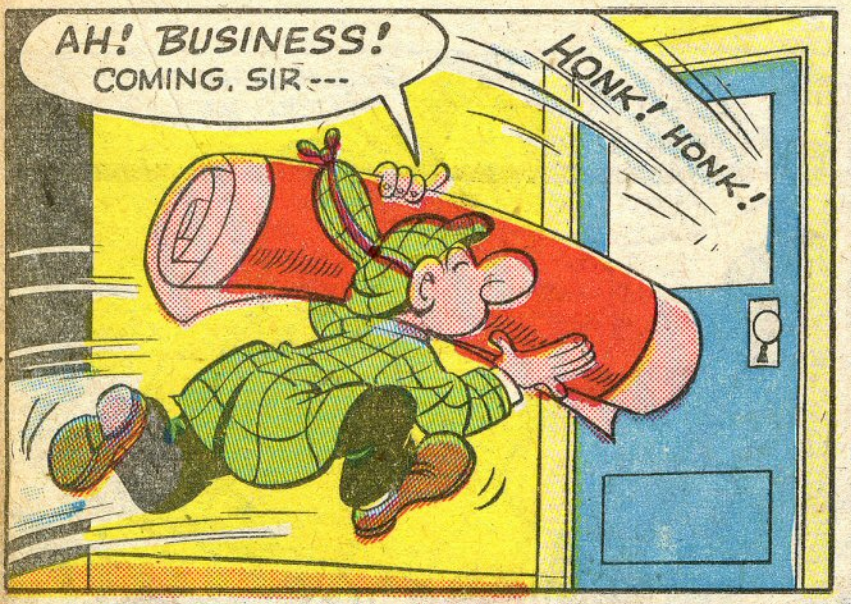
JONESY

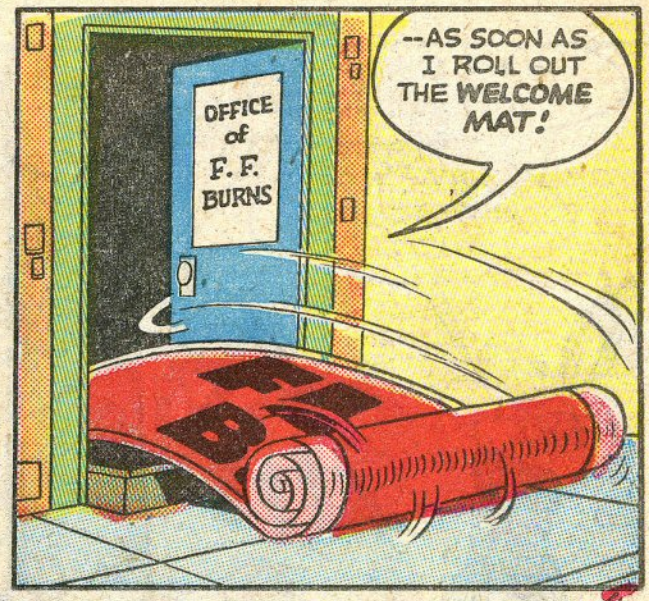
BY DIB

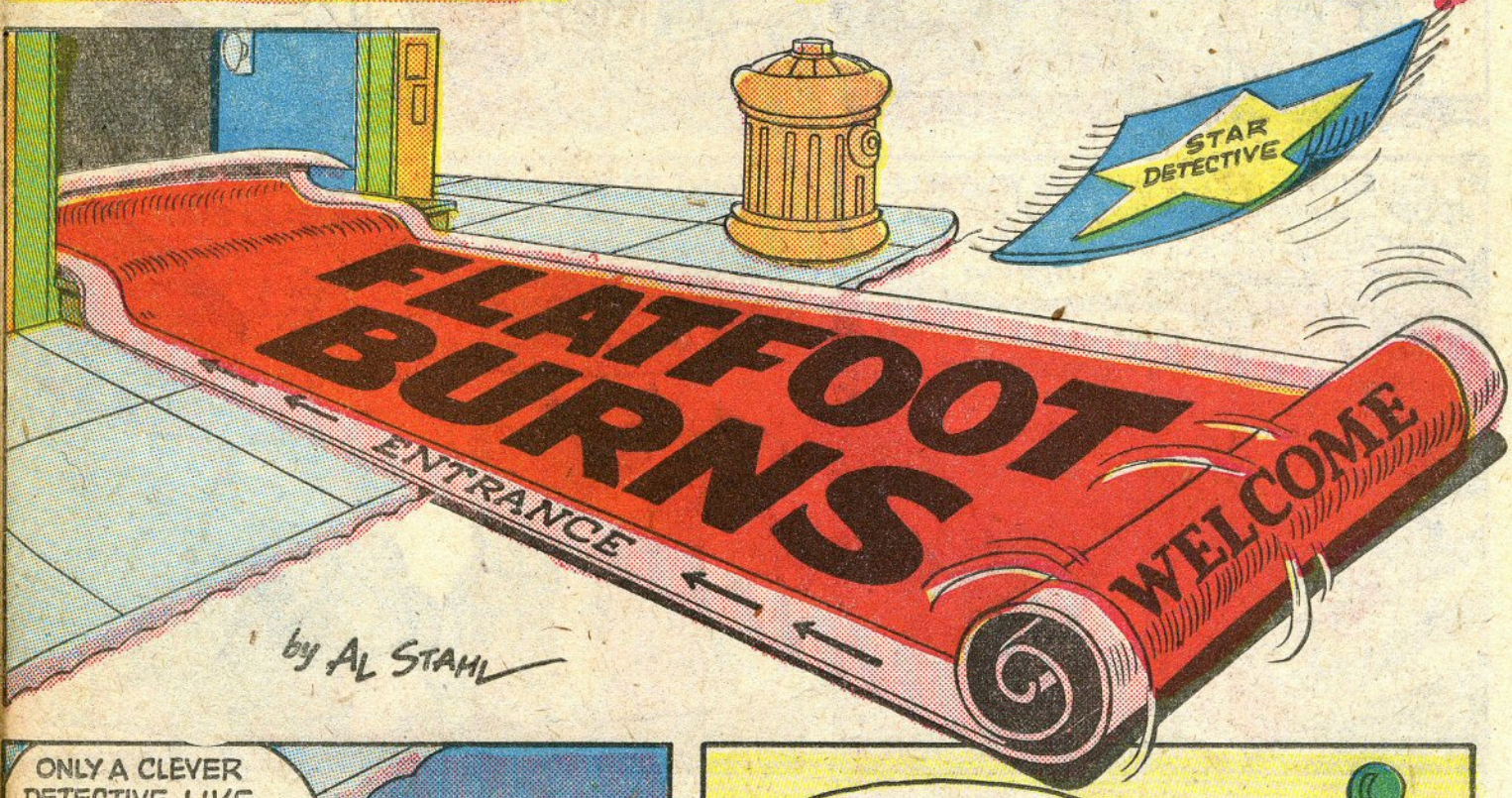


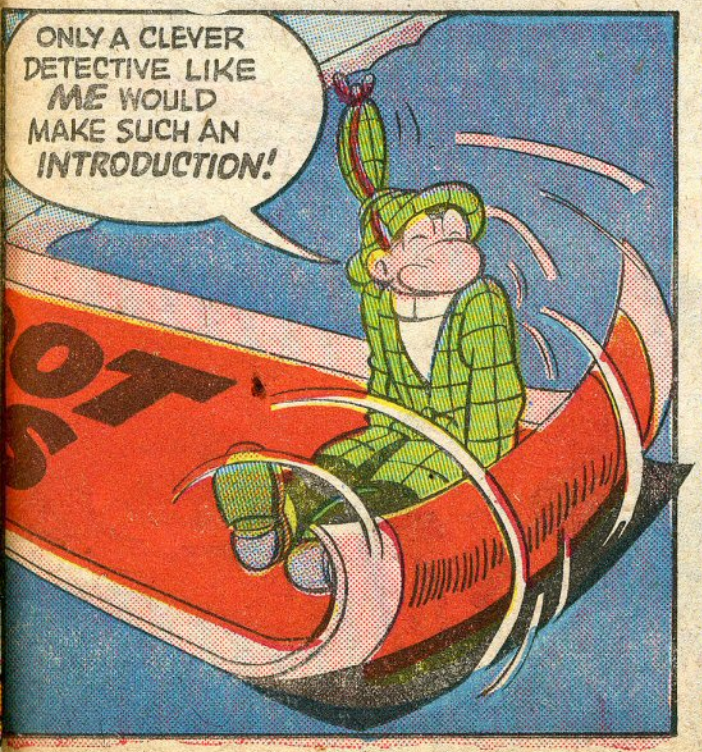


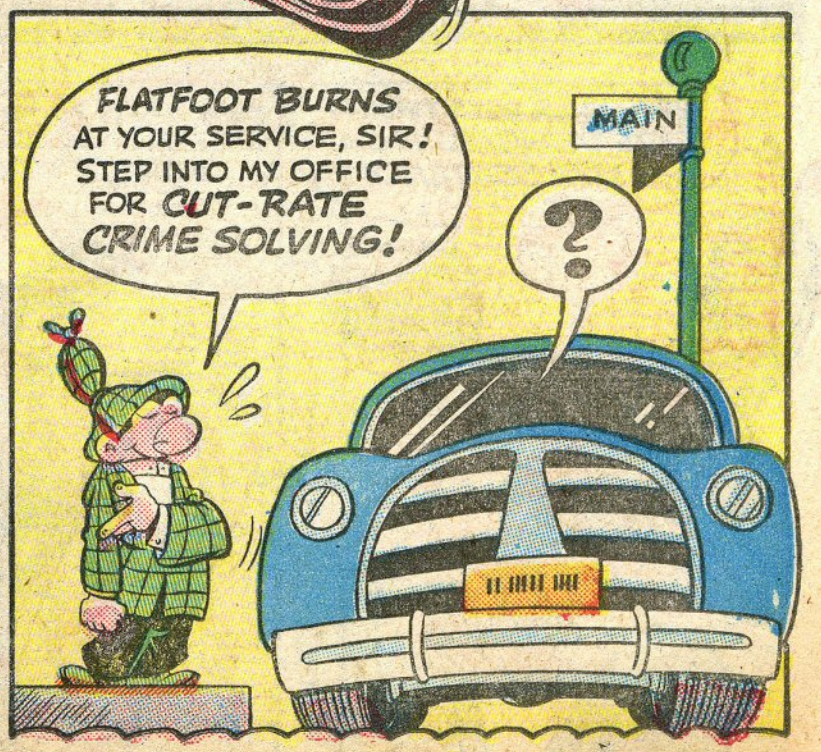


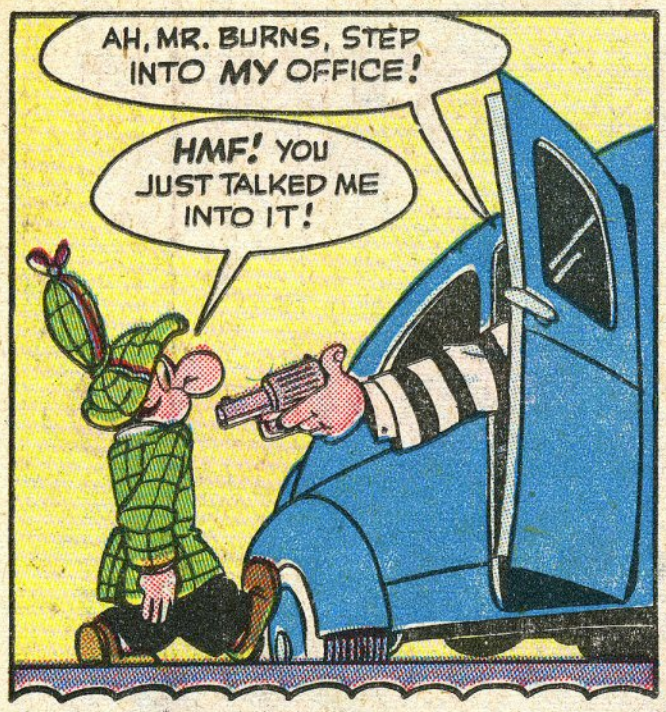

AH! BUSINESS! COMING, SIR---
HONK! HONK!

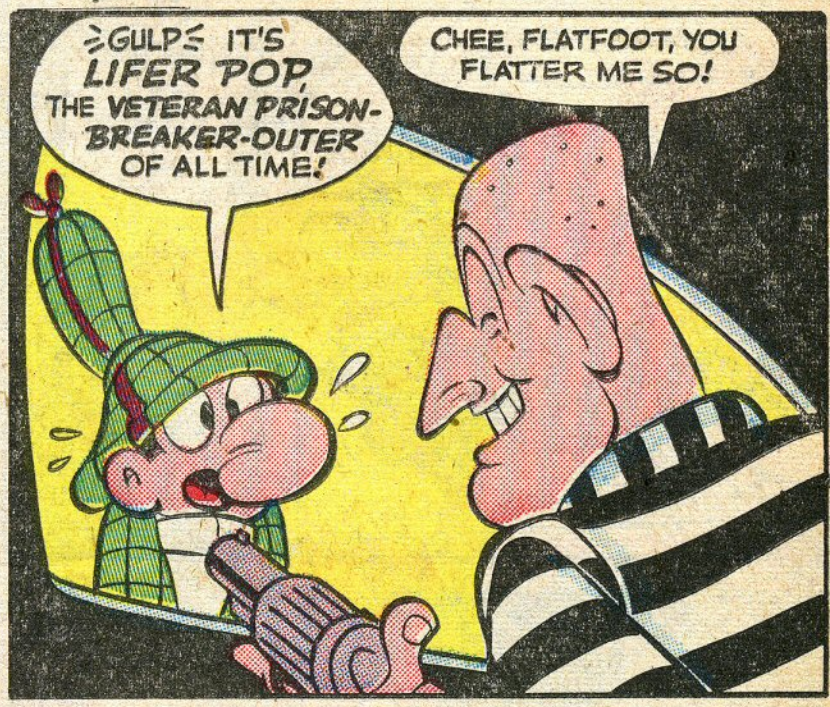

OFFICE of F. F. BURNS
--AS SOON AS I ROLL OUT THE WELCOME MAT!


STAR DETECTIVE
FLATFOOT BURNS
WELCOME
ENTRANCE
by AL STAHL

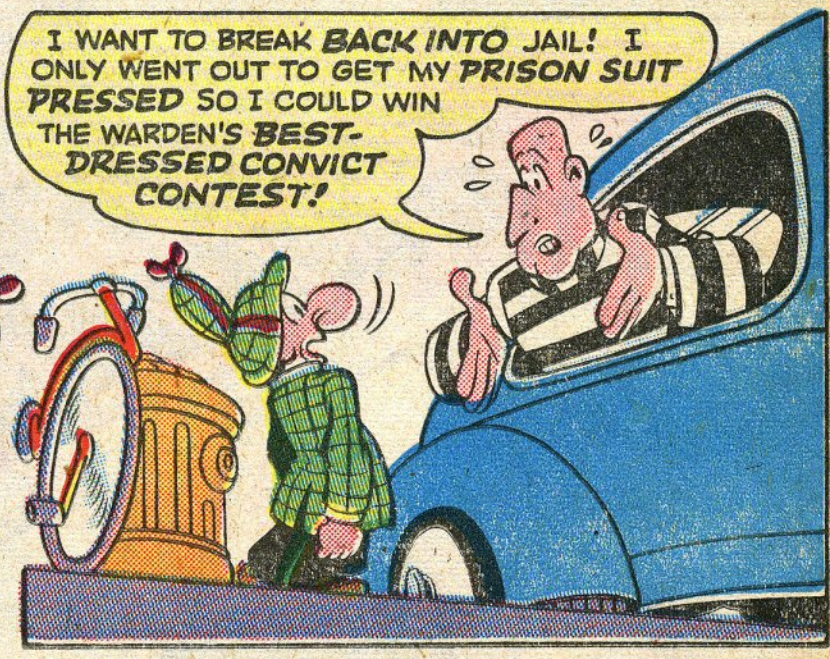

ONLY A CLEVER DETECTIVE LIKE ME WOULD MAKE SUCH AN INTRODUCTION!

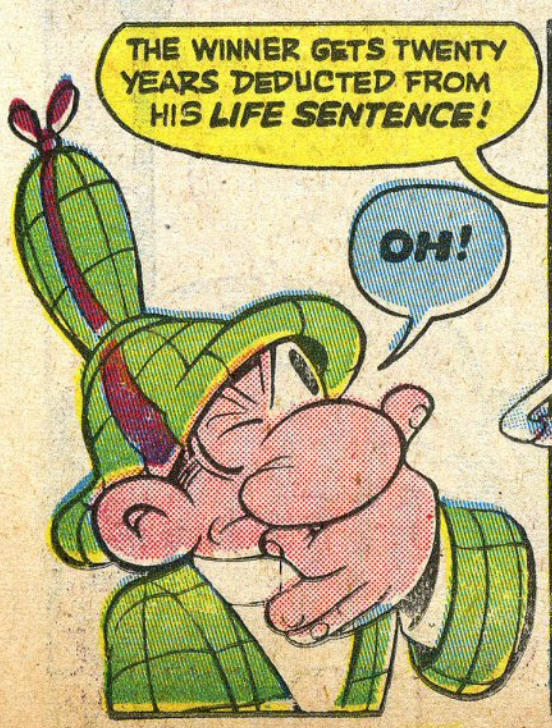

FLATFOOT BURNS AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR! STEP INTO MY OFFICE FOR CUT-RATE CRIME SOLVING!
MAIN
?


AH, MR. BURNS, STEP INTO MY OFFICE!
HMF! YOU JUST TALKED ME INTO IT!


GULP! IT'S LIFER POP, THE VETERAN PRISON-BREAKER-OUTER OF ALL TIME!
CHEE, FLATFOOT, YOU FLATTER ME SO!

YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, POP -- ALWAYS BREAKING OUT OF JAIL AND CAUSING OUR POLICE FORCE SUCH WORRY!
YEAH! BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! ...YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!


I WANT TO BREAK BACK INTO JAIL! I ONLY WENT OUT TO GET MY PRISON SUIT PRESSED SO I COULD WIN THE WARDEN'S BEST-DRESSED CONVICT CONTEST!


THE WINNER GETS TWENTY YEARS DEDUCTED FROM HIS LIFE SENTENCE!
OH!

WELL... HEH! HEH! IN THAT CASE, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT JUSTICE TRIUMPHS!

OF COURSE, YOU REALIZE THAT THIS IS A BIT UNUSUAL!
CHEE, FLATFOOT, YOU'RE OKAY!

STATE PENITENTIARY
THAT OPEN MANHOLE LEADS RIGHT INTO MY CELL, NUMBER 267! BUT WHEN I TRY TO ENTER IT, THE GUARDS SHOOT AT ME!
LEAVE IT TO ME, POP!
FLATFOOT KIT
YOU CAN CAMOUFLAGE YOURSELF WITH MY PORTABLE COLLAPSIBLE HAYSTACK!
ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE!
NOTICE HOW EASY IT IS TO GAIN ENTRANCE WHEN UNDER COVER!
OOPS... SLIPPED!
HMF!
THAT MUST BE POP'S CELL... HE'S BEEN PAINTING IT FOR THE CONTEST!
BUT I HAVE TO MAKE SURE!

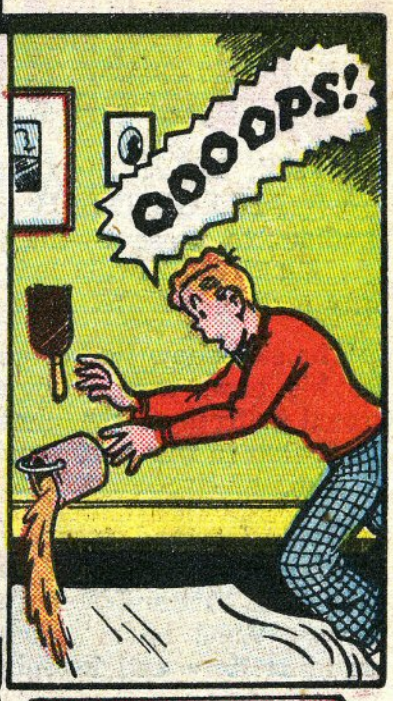
HMM... COZY LITTLE PLACE HE HAS HERE!
GULP... I WAS AFRAID THIS WOULD HAPPEN!
READY, WARDEN? LET'S CHECK 267!
HMM! THE WARDEN! I'D BETTER COVER UP FOR POP!
THIS CONTEST IS AN EXCELLENT IDEA, SIR! KEEPS UP THE MORALE OF THE PRISONERS!
THANKS, JOE!
267
266
AH! SUCH CLEANLINESS, AND WHAT A NEAT PRISON SUIT! MARK 267 AS THE WINNER AND HAVE HIM TRANSFERRED TO THE NEW BUILDING FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR!
BUT... HEY -- GULP -- YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! ...HELP!
Later...
CHEE, FLATFOOT, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
I'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT! MY SENTENCE WAS CUT TO 150 YEARS!
LIFER

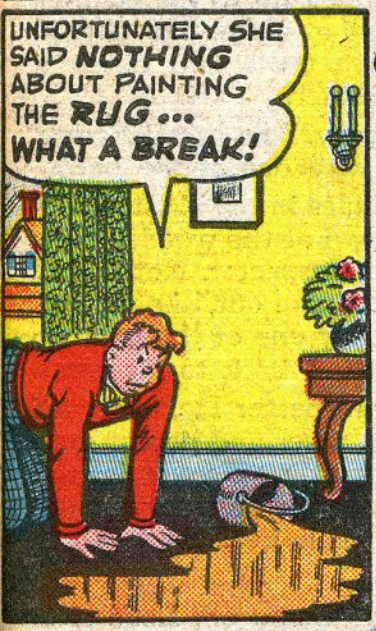
JONESY

WHILE MOM'S OUT, I THINK I'LL SURPRISE HER BY DOING A FEW ODD JOBS AROUND THE HOUSE!

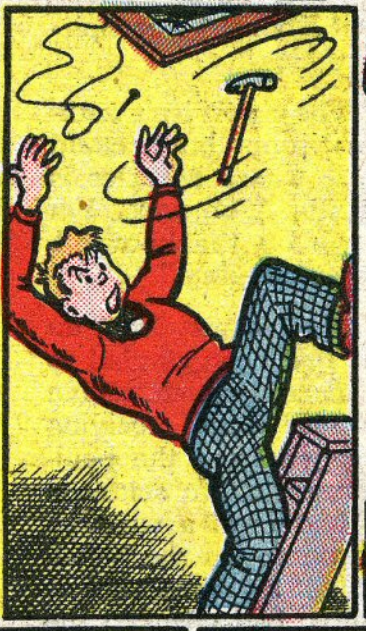
FIRST I'LL LET THE WATER RUN ON THESE DISHES SO THEY'LL BE WELL RINSED WHEN I COME BACK TO FINISH 'EM UP!

NOW FOR THAT LITTLE PAINTING JOB MOM'S BEEN WANTING DONE SO LONG!
PAIN


OOOOPS!


UNFORTUNATELY SHE SAID NOTHING ABOUT PAINTING THE RUG... WHAT A BREAK!

WELL, I'LL TACKLE THAT PROBLEM AFTER I HANG THIS PET OIL PAINTING OF POPS IN A BETTER PLACE!



HMMM... SOMETHING SEEMS TO TELL ME I'M GETTING NOWHERE WITH THE MOST TERRIFIC SPEED!

NOW, WHAT THE HECK'S THIS BARGING IN... BOULDER DAM ON THE LOOSE OR AN INDOOR TIDAL WAVE?

I'M A GAME GUY, BUT WHEN YOU NEED A LIFE-RAFT TO WASH A FEW CUPS AND SAUCERS, I CONCEDE DEFEAT!

OH, WELL--IF I CAN JUST BULL MY WAY INTO THE ARMY AND WIN A CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OR SOM'THIN', IN A FEW YEARS' TIME, THIS WHOLE THING MAY BE FORGOTTEN!

CARNIVAL OF CRIME

"HEY, HEY! Step right up, LAD-EEZE AND GENTS! Broadway Joe's Carnival is about to present—the GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH! Thrills and CHILLS galore for only a dime, one tenth of a doll-ar!"

The side-show barker stopped for breath and let his gaze wander over the open-mouthed crowd in front of the platform. He saw Inspector Dolan in the crowd and deliberately winked at him.

Dolan frowned, turned his back on the barker and looked at Ebony, who was standing beside him. "Humph!" he sniffed. "Come along, Ebony. We'll never pinch Muscles Magee by standing here and listening to this tripe."

"We shore won't," agreed Ebony. "The Spirit wouldn't waste time like this."

The Inspector snorted. "The Spirit isn't within *miles* of this place. His peanut brain could never figure out that this is where Muscles is hiding!" He chortled happily. "For once, I'm going to have a good laugh on the know-all, see-all Spirit—thanks to that clipping!"

The clipping Dolan referred to was from an old copy of "Billboard." It had been stapled to Muscles Magee's police record, which Dolan had unearthed from the files after receiving word that Magee had escaped from the penitentiary where he was serving a life sentence for murder. The clipping had been a write-up of Magee's carnival background. On the hunch that the escaped convict might try hiding out in a road show, Inspector Dolan had checked the itineraries of all traveling troupes in the state and had discovered that Broadway Joe's Carnival had played a town near the penitentiary at the time of Magee's escape. Dolan had then added two and two, checked to find that particular show's itinerary included Centerville, and was now on the lot looking for Magee.

"Hola, hola, hola!" shouted another spieler from his booth across the midway. "Step right up, folks, and play the fairest, squarest game on the midway! Not a game of chance, but one of skill! Everybody wins! Only a dime, folks—one tenth of a doll-ar!"

Dolan looked across at the booth and his eyes bugged out. The shelves of the booth crammed with all varieties of expensive prizes. Console radios, combination phonographs and recording machines, and kitchen appliances gleamed enticingly against black-velvet backgrounds. According to a large sign, one had only to roll a little wooden ball into a small hole at the end of a chute to win the prize of his choice. A ridiculously easy thing to do, deicded Dolan.

He turned to Ebony, clearing his throat noisily. "Harumph!" he said. "Let's begin looking for Magee over there."

"Sho' thing, Inspector," Ebony agreed, "but we isn't g'wine to waste no time playin' that there thing, is we?"

"We'll just play a few games," replied the Inspector. "Not that I want to," he continued hastily, "but we've got to act the part of casual visitors. We can't let these people suspect us. They might tip Magee off."

Dolan and Ebony stepped up to the counter of the booth. Dolan looked at a sign that offered nine balls for twenty-five cents and threw a quarter down on the counter.

"Aren't you going to play?" he asked Ebony, as he took careful aim with one of the balls.

Ebony looked at the holes in the short, wooden chute, then looked down at the wooden balls on the counter. "Nossuh, Inspector. Not till ah see how you is g'wine to make out," he replied. His hand stole out to cover one of the balls on the counter as Dolan turned back to his game.

Fifteen minutes later Inspector Dolan turned away from the counter a wiser and poorer man. "Hah!" he snorted indignantly. "No wonder this crook offers such big prizes to anyone who can sink one of his blasted balls in those holes. It can't be done!"

He turned to Ebony. "Come on. Let's clear out of this gyp joint and get on about our business."

"Jest a minute boss," replied Ebony. "Ah wants to give this here game a try."

"Throw away your money if you want to!" grumbled the Inspector. "But I'm leaving." He turned his back on the booth and stalked away, muttering angrily under his breath.

He'd only gone a few feet when he heard a low groan and a loud crash from the booth. He turned to see a grinning Ebony leaving the booth with a shiny new combination phonograph and recording machine clutched tightly in one hand.

"Yipe!" yelled the Inspector. "You won. But how?"

'Ah seen that them there holes was too small for the balls to drop into," explained Ebony,

"so's while you and dat man's attention was elsewhere, ah took out my penknife an' whittled dat little old ball down!"

Inspector Dolan almost choked. After he had recovered his voice he asked, "What was the noise about?"

"Dat was the man," replied Ebony placidly. "He done fainted dead away."

"Well, come along," said Dolan. "This foolishness isn't finding Muscles Magee for us!" He struck out briskly along the midway, with Ebony following at his heels and hanging onto his precious prize.

About half-way down the midway, the attention of Inspector Dolan and Ebony was drawn to a side-show freak attraction. A gaudy sign plastered over the booth screamed of its main attraction, BLOTTO THE BLOODLESS MAN! The side-show barker was noisily talking the show up, while the Bloodless Man himself, attired in bathing trunks and wearing a narrow mask across his eyes, sat in a straight-backed chair alongside a table loaded down wtih sharp knives, pins and various other instruments of torture.

Inspector Dolan's mouth opened wide and his eyes popped as he saw the Bloodless Man. Like a sleepwalker, Dolan stumbled up to the platform for a closer look. The expression of incredulity on his face turned to one of red rage!

"SPIRIT!" he managed to sputter. "How did *you* get here?"

Various things happened quickly after Dolan's outburst. Ebony screamed a warning behind him, something came down hard on the back of his head, and just before he passed out, he was conscious of a reproachful look from the Spirit.

Inspector Dolan regained consciousness in the back of a trailer-truck and found himself trussed with rope, like a steer prepared for branding. He opened his eyes and looked up into a face which for some little time he had difficulty recognizing as being human.

"Muscles Magee!" he gasped.

"In de flesh," admitted the face. Muscles grinned down at Dolan. "Da woim has toined," he grunted tersely. "Youse is *my* prisoner now."

"Thanks to *your* bumbling, Dolan," said the voice of the Spirit behind him.

Dolan turned his head to see the Spirit and Ebony trussed up as he was, and propped disconsolately against the wall of their prison.

"YAH!" snarled the Inspector.

"Youse guys go right on an' fight, advised Muscles. "Im leavin yuh now, but—" he paused to show his huge yellow teeth in a ferocious grin, "I'll be back to—*kill* yuh!"

After Muscles had left, the Inspector's curiosity got the best of him and he asked the Spirit how he had gotten wind of the convict's whereabouts and why he was posing as a side-show attraction.

"The same way you did," replied the Spirit, referring to the first part of the question. Then he went on to explain that he had taken the carnival job in order to keep his eye out for Muscles, who had been kept hidden until the show touched Centerville. "But now that he's nabbed us, instead of we him," finished the Spirit, "we've got to figure a way out of this mess."

The Spirit's eye was caught by the prize Ebony had won and which had been thrown into the back of the truck with them.

"What's that thing, Ebony?" he asked.

"Dat," replied Ebony, "is a combination phonograph and recorder." A brief flicker of pride seeped through the misery on his face. "It works off batteries or an electric outlet," he explained.

"A recorder, eh?" said the Spirit. "That gives me a wonderful idea." He began to inch himself along the floor of the truck towards the machine.

About an hour later the rear doors to the truck opened and Muscles Magee climbed in, a razor-sharp knife clutched in one big hand. He grinned down at his helpless prisoners.

"Youse guys better start sayin' your prayers," he said. "You first, Spirit. I'm startin' on you!"

The Spirit grinned back at him, and with his bound hands, pulled lightly on the end of a piece of string that he was holding between them.

A voice by the door shouted: "Put your hands up, Muscles! We're the police!"

Several things happened almost simultaneously. Muscles whirled towards the voice, and at that same moment, the Spirit's bound feet thudded into the pit of Muscles' stomach. As Muscles doubled over from the blow, the Spirit's feet lashed out again, this time finding Muscles' jaw. Muscles dropped his knife, flopped to the floor and stayed there.

The Spirit used Muscles' knife to free himself and then the others. Then while the Spirit and Ebony guarded Muscles, the Inspector called in police reserves. They closed down the carnival and jailed the owners for harboring an escaped convict.

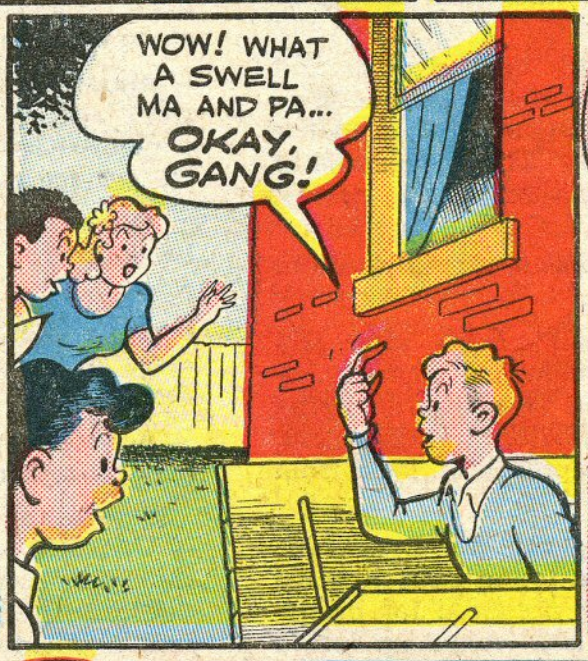
With Muscles and the carnival operators all safely behind bars, the three friends breathed a sigh of relief.

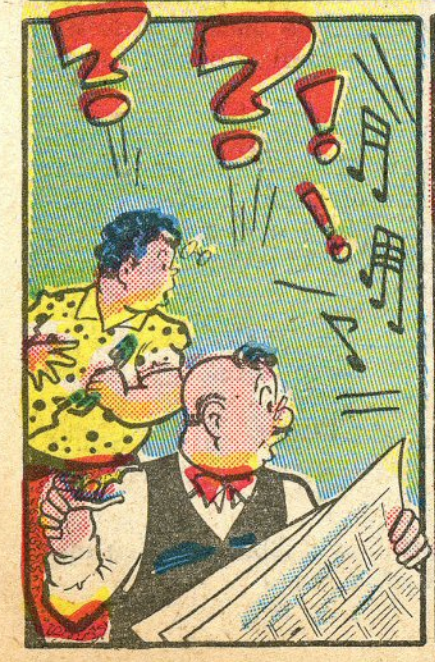
"So ends a carnival of crime," said the Spirit, "part of which was recorded for your listening pleasure!"

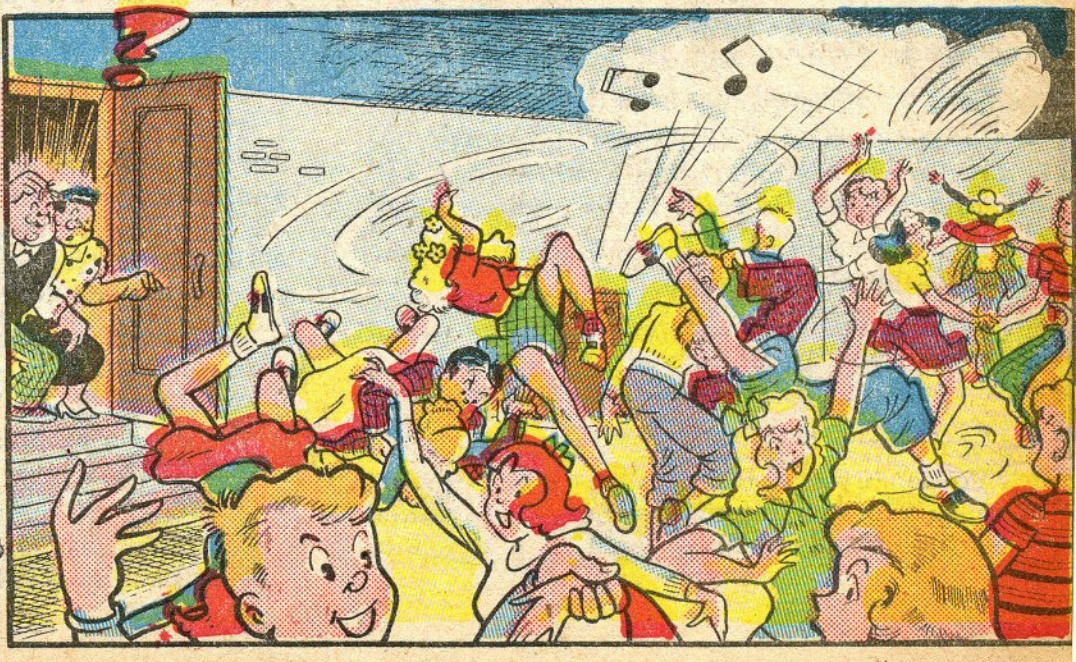
"Yassuh, Mist' Spirit," said Ebony. "That machine was a mos' valuable prize!"

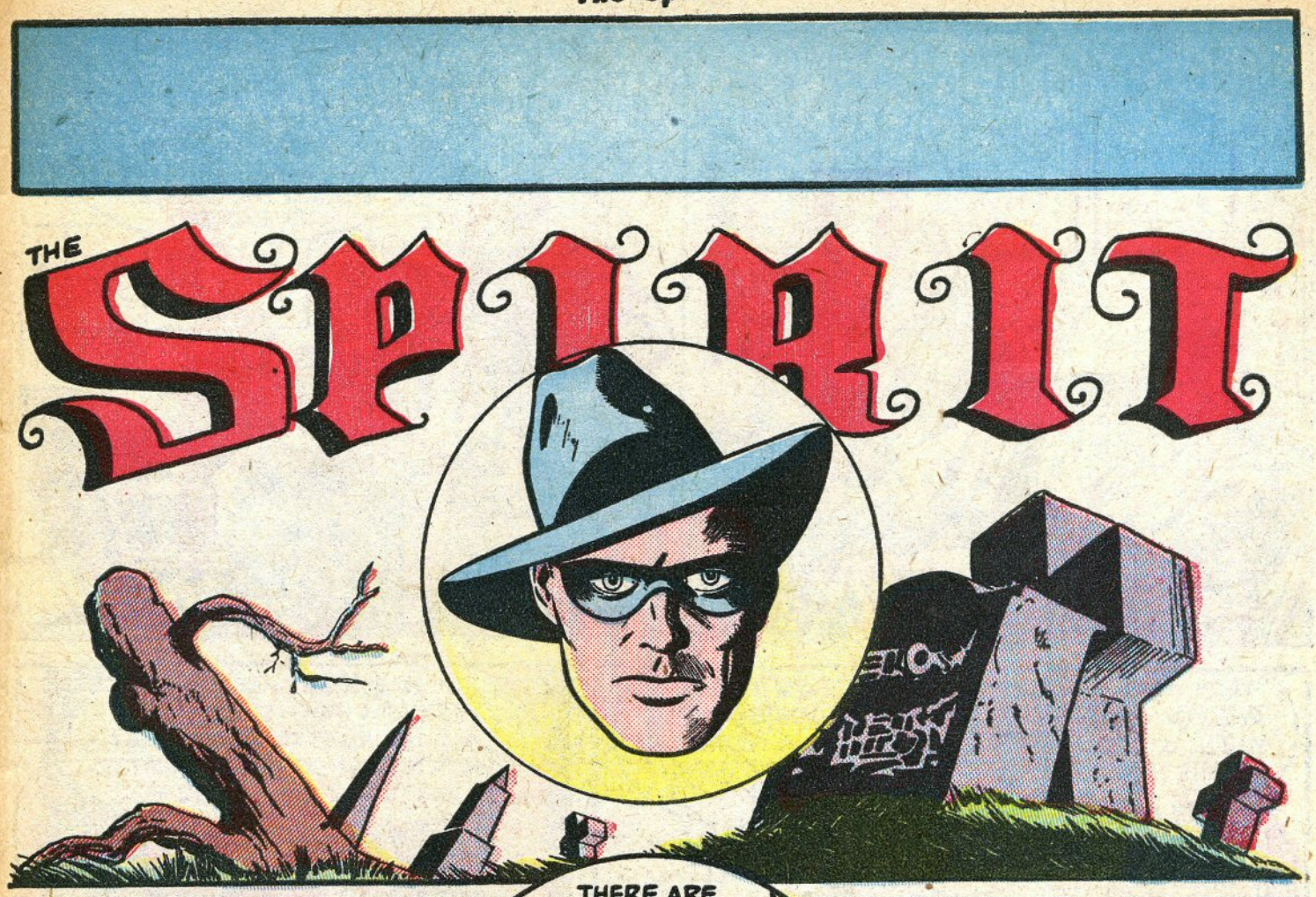
JONESY

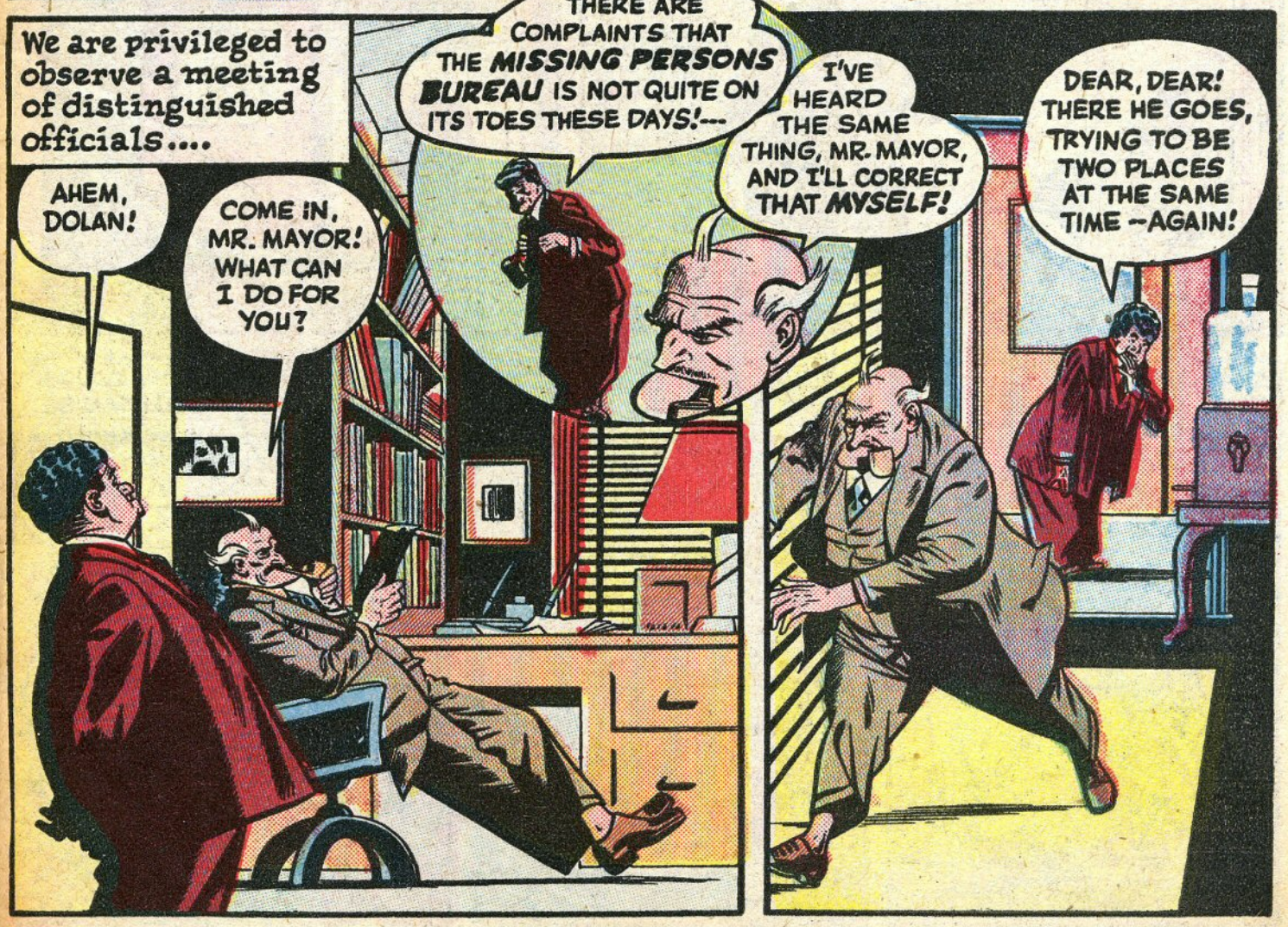
By DIB



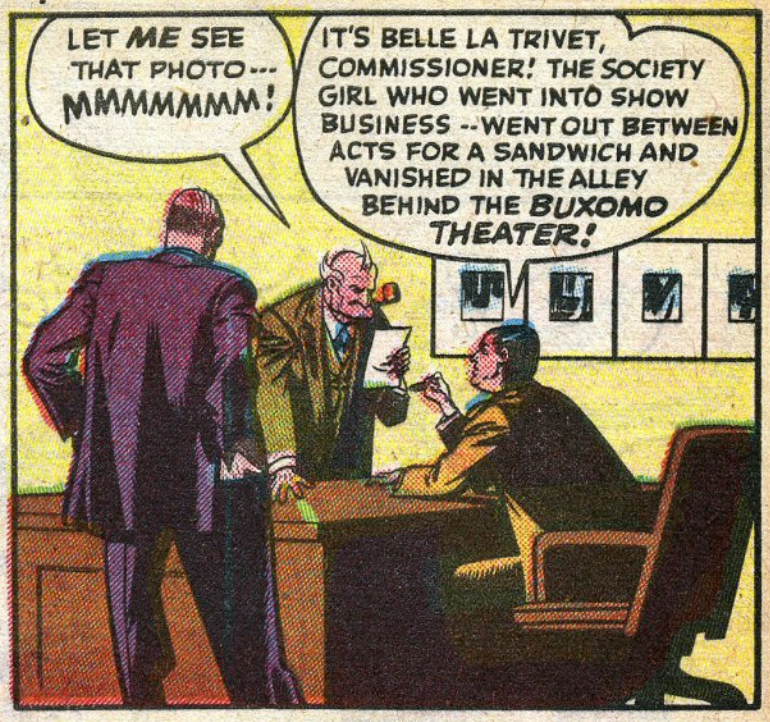





THE SPIRIT


We are privileged to observe a meeting of distinguished officials....
AHEM, DOLAN!
COME IN, MR. MAYOR! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
THERE ARE COMPLAINTS THAT THE MISSING PERSONS BUREAU IS NOT QUITE ON ITS TOES THESE DAYS!---
I'VE HEARD THE SAME THING, MR. MAYOR, AND I'LL CORRECT THAT MYSELF!
DEAR, DEAR! THERE HE GOES, TRYING TO BE TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME --AGAIN!

YEAH, AND SHE WAS LAST SEEN AT---
WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT, YOU INCOMPETENT LUNKHEADS?

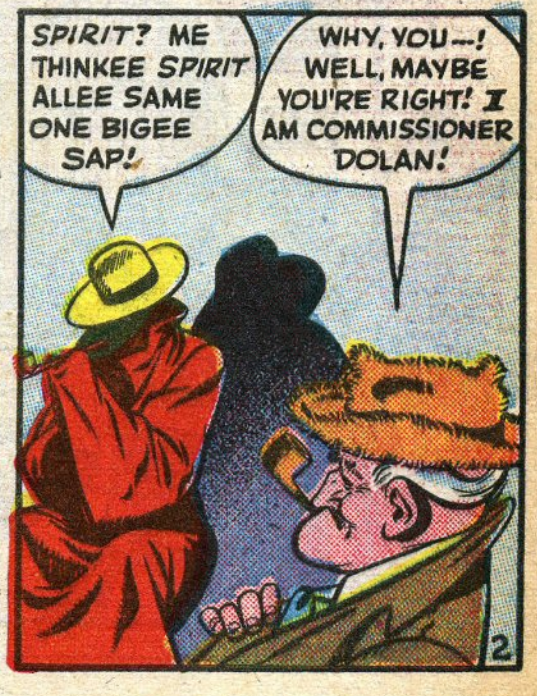

LET ME SEE THAT PHOTO--- MMMMMMM!
IT'S BELLE LA TRIVET, COMMISSIONER! THE SOCIETY GIRL WHO WENT INTO SHOW BUSINESS --WENT OUT BETWEEN ACTS FOR A SANDWICH AND VANISHED IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE BUXOMO THEATER!

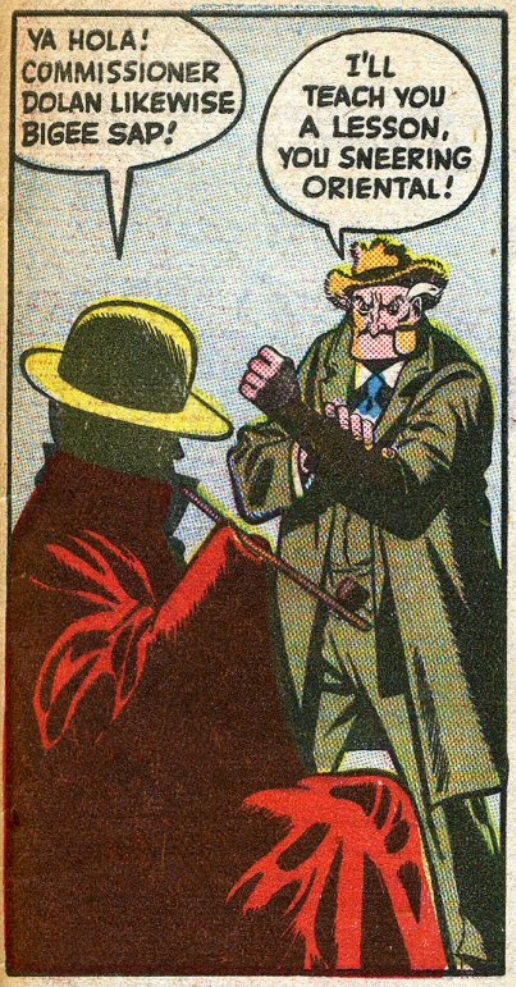
VERY WELL, I WILL PERSONALLY SHOW YOU HOW TO CLEAR UP THIS MYSTERY!
THERE Y'ARE, MAX! THE COMMISSIONER DOES OUR WORK! ... LEAVE US RELAX AND DRAW OUR PAY!

IT WAS RIGHT HERE THEY LAST SAW HER -- SHE NEVER LEFT THE ALLEY FOR THE STREET, NOR RETURNED TO THE THEATER-- SHE MUST HAVE GONE ---

SOMEONE'S DOWN THERE! IS IT MISS LA TRIVET?
WHAT NAMEE YOU CALLEE ME?

THISEE PLACE NUMBER ONE HAUNT OF SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS! MAYBE-SO YOU SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER!
I'LL BET EVEN THE SPIRIT NEVER SAW THIS HIDDEN RUNWAY!


SPIRIT? ME THINKEE SPIRIT ALLEE SAME ONE BIGEE SAP!
WHY, YOU--! WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! I AM COMMISSIONER DOLAN!


YA HOLA! COMMISSIONER DOLAN LIKEWISE BIGEE SAP!
I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON, YOU SNEERING ORIENTAL!

YOU!-- IT'S THE SPIRIT!
I HEARD YOU WERE TAKING THIS CASE, DOLAN-- THOUGHT I'D JOIN YOU!

BUT THIS COSTUME! DID IT BELONG TO SOME CRIMINAL?
I FOUND IT HERE!... SO FAR AS I CAN LEARN, IT WAS WHAT BELLE LA TRIVET WORE IN THE SHOW SHE LEFT!

WHERE DID SHE GO AFTER SHEDDING IT HERE?
I JUDGE THESE ARE HER TRACKS IN THE SOFT SOIL OF THE PASSAGE!

WE'RE COMING OUT INTO A DISUSED SUBWAY! NOW WHICH WAY?
THERE'S A LIGHT YONDER! APPROACH -- VERY CAREFULLY!
3

HERE'S THE MONEY, BOYS! NOW LEAVE ME ALONE WITH HER!
HEAR THAT, SPIRIT? THOSE FIENDS MUST BE PLANNING SOMETHING AWFUL!

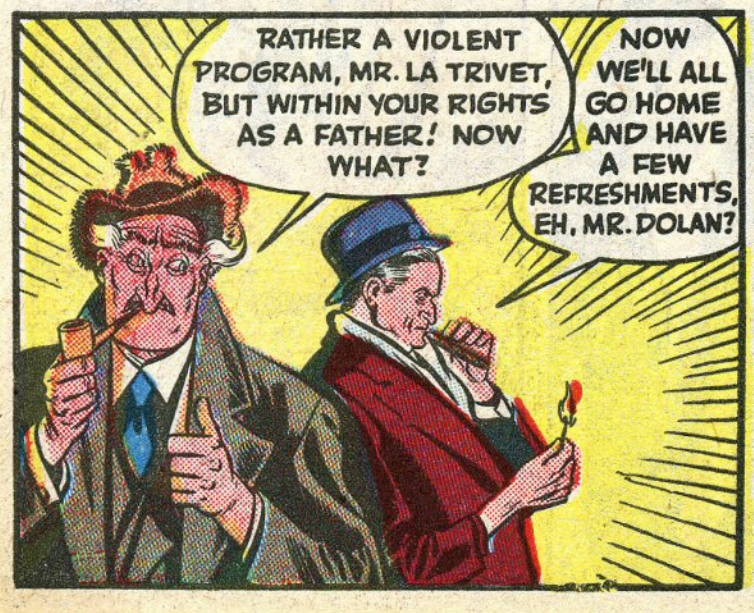
THANKS, AND CALL ON US AGAIN FOR ANY LITTLE JOB LIKE THIS!
AND NOW, YOUNG LADY, PERHAPS YOU'LL SEE THAT I'M NOT TO BE SNEERED AT WHEN I DEMAND--

TAKE THAT, YOU KIDNAPPING WOLF! YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED -- YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO BE MISS LA TRIVET'S FATHER!

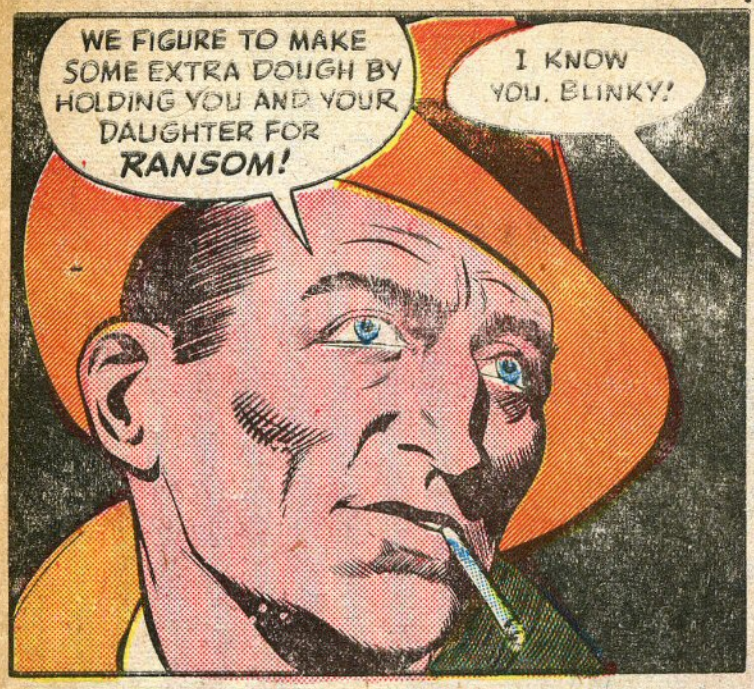
WHY, I AM HER FATHER! YOU INTERFERE AND I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!
WHEN IT COMES TO THAT, I AM THE POLICE!

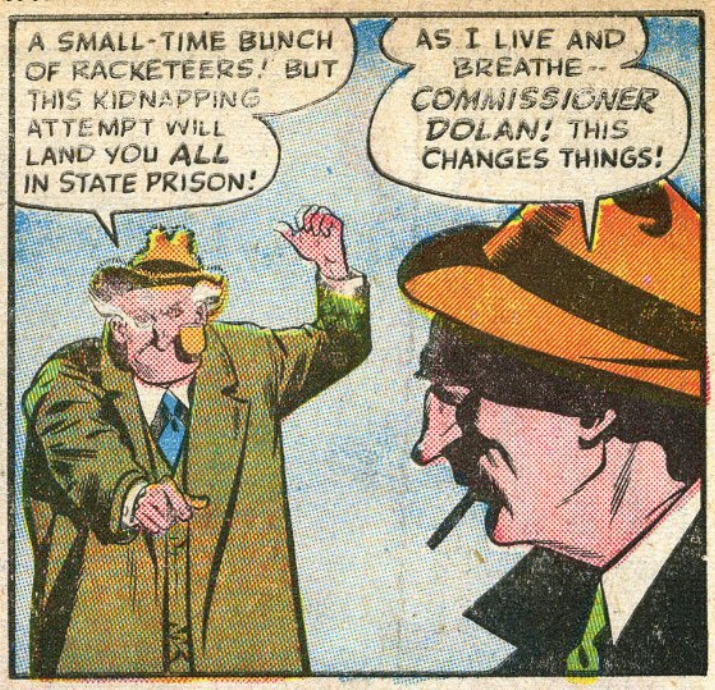
BELLE'S A WILFUL CHILD -- NOT CONTENT WITH HIGH SOCIETY -- INSISTED ON GOING ON THE STAGE ---
YOU'RE THE SPIRIT? YOU'RE EVEN HANDSOMER THAN I DREAMED YOU'D BE!

SHE'S UNDER AGE, AND I HAD A RIGHT TO DISSUADE HER! SO I HIRED SOME HENCHMEN AND KIDNAPPED HER! THE THEATER WILL FIRE HER FOR FAILING TO REPORT!

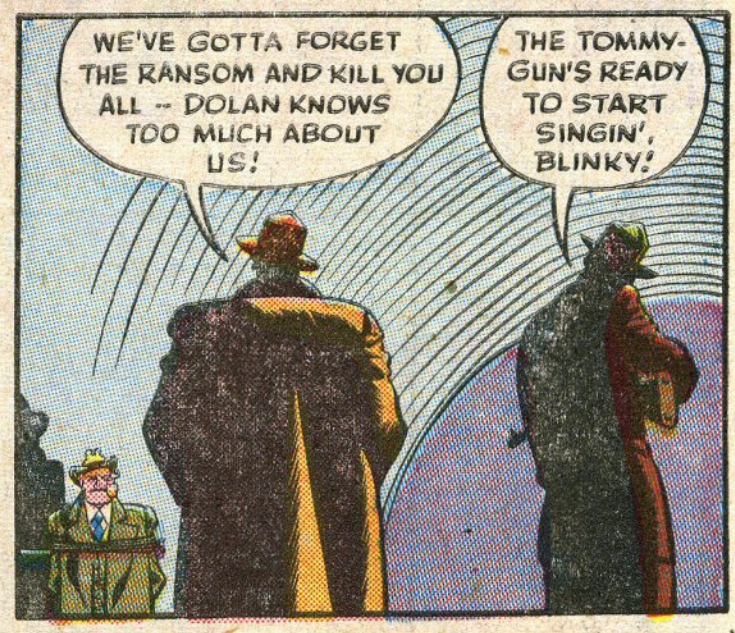

RATHER A VIOLENT PROGRAM, MR. LA TRIVET, BUT WITHIN YOUR RIGHTS AS A FATHER! NOW WHAT?
NOW WE'LL ALL GO HOME AND HAVE A FEW REFRESHMENTS, EH, MR. DOLAN?

HOLD IT, MISTER!... WE THOUGHT WE'D PLAY A RETURN ENGAGEMENT!


WE FIGURE TO MAKE SOME EXTRA DOUGH BY HOLDING YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER FOR RANSOM!
I KNOW YOU, BLINKY!


A SMALL-TIME BUNCH OF RACKETEERS! BUT THIS KIDNAPPING ATTEMPT WILL LAND YOU ALL IN STATE PRISON!
AS I LIVE AND BREATHE -- COMMISSIONER DOLAN! THIS CHANGES THINGS!

TIE 'EM TOGETHER! ASSEMBLE THAT TOMMY-GUN WE CARRY AROUND IN PIECES!
WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN?


WE'VE GOTTA FORGET THE RANSOM AND KILL YOU ALL -- DOLAN KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT US!
THE TOMMY-GUN'S READY TO START SINGIN', BLINKY!

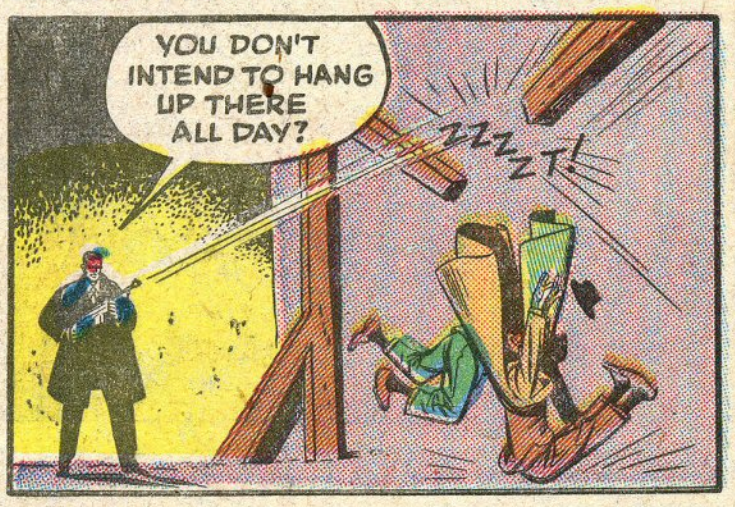
SHUNT 'EM AGAINST THE WALL! MOPSY, YOU DO THE SHOOTING!

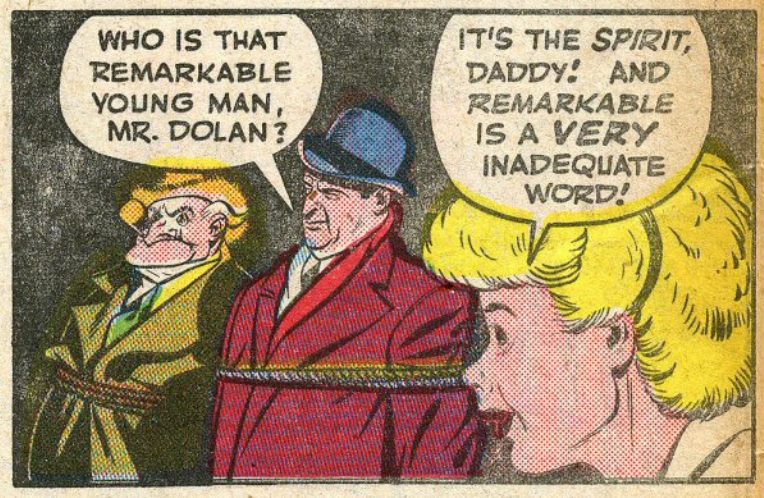
But the SPIRIT, stunned and forgotten, is reviving....
READY!... AIM ---

WHY SO MUCH NOISE WHEN I'M SLEEPING?
MOBILIZE THAT GUY! --HE'S COMING TO!

HEY! HE'S GOT THE TOMMY!
AND I KNOW HOW TO USE IT!

LIKE THIS!
GET OFF THE GROUND! HE'LL HOTFOOT YOU!


YOU DON'T INTEND TO HANG UP THERE ALL DAY?
ZZZZT!

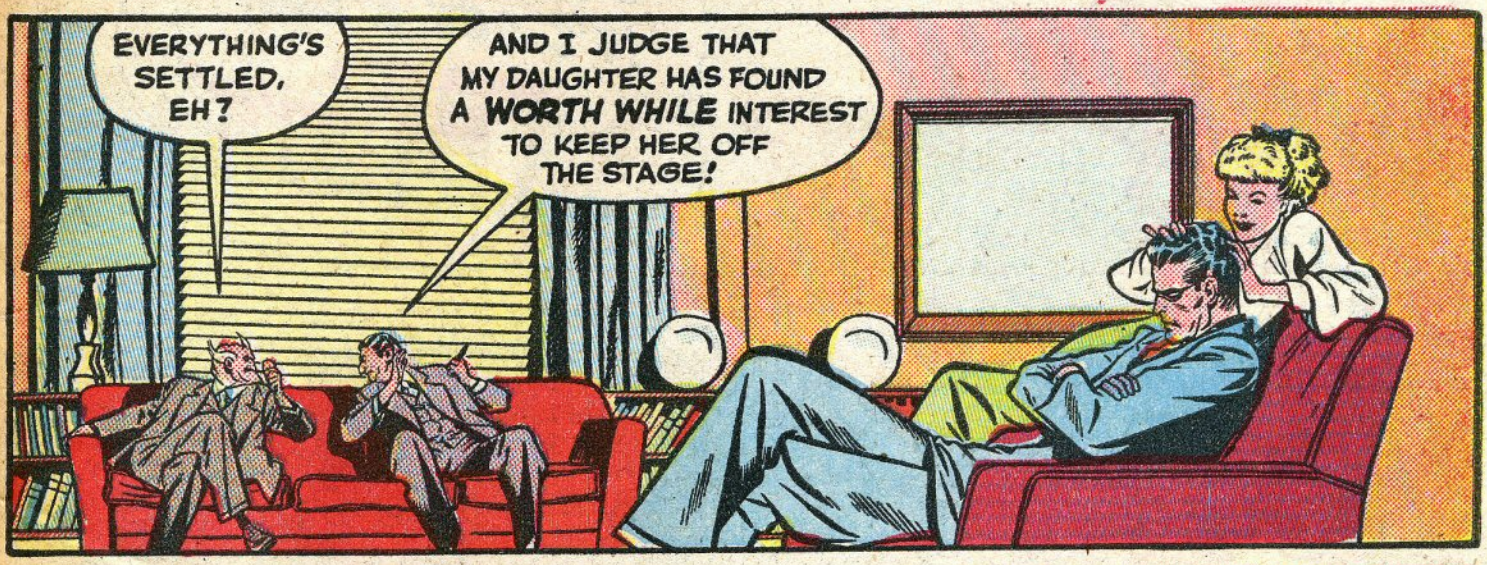

WHO IS THAT REMARKABLE YOUNG MAN, MR. DOLAN?
IT'S THE SPIRIT, DADDY! AND REMARKABLE IS A VERY INADEQUATE WORD!

IF I GET LOOSE, I'LL---
BY WHAT TRICK OF YOUR IMAGINATION DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GET LOOSE?

LIE THERE --QUIETLY!
ONLY TOO GLAD TO! ANY FURTHER EXERTION GOES DOWN AS OVERTIME FOR ME!

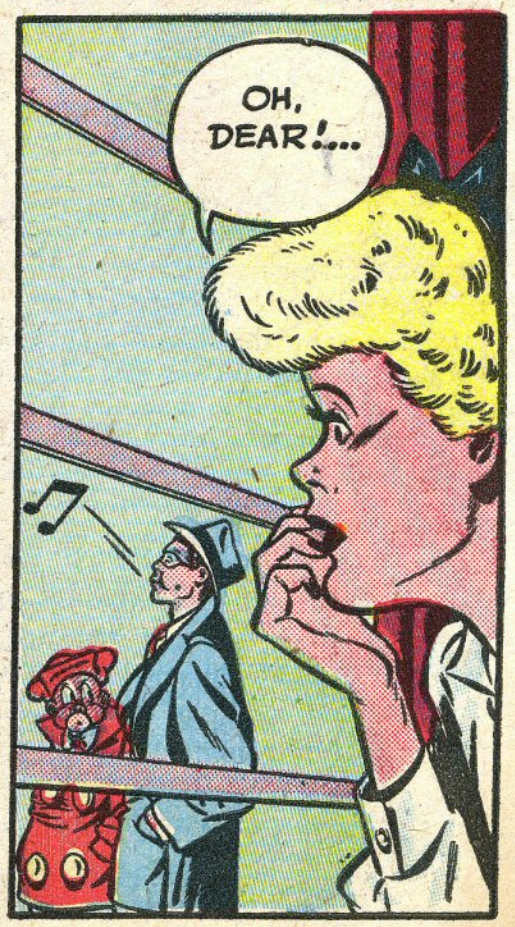
OH, SPIRIT! I KNEW YOU'D SAVE US!
FRANKLY, I HAD NO SUCH ASSURANCE, BUT THANKS! THERE'S A DISUSED STAIRWAY NEAR HERE!

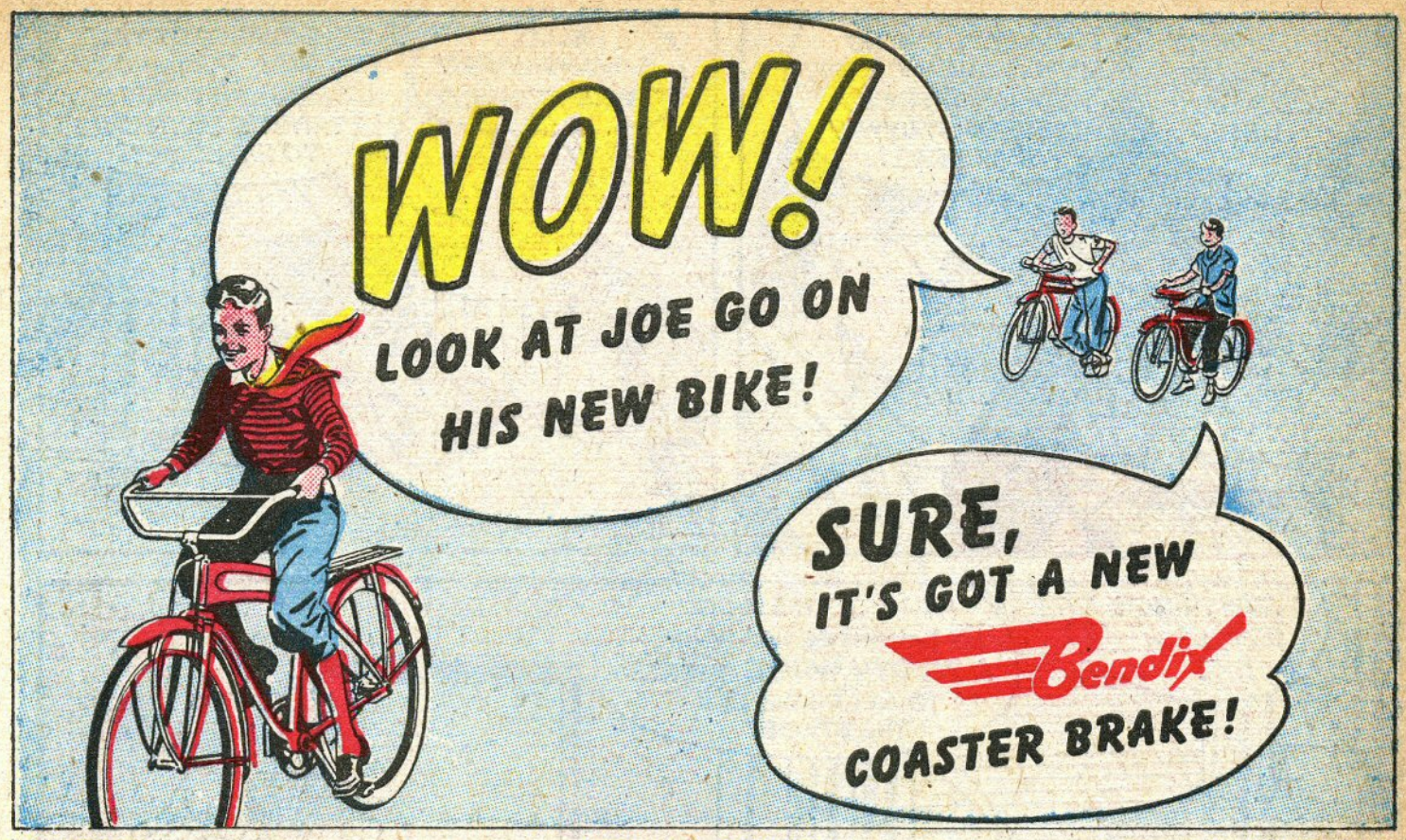
HELLO, COMMISSIONER! WHAT'S WHAT?
TAKE CHARGE OF THESE CROOKS! I'LL REPORT LATER ---JUST NOW MR. LA TRIVET'S INVITED ME TO HIS HOME!
CLOSED

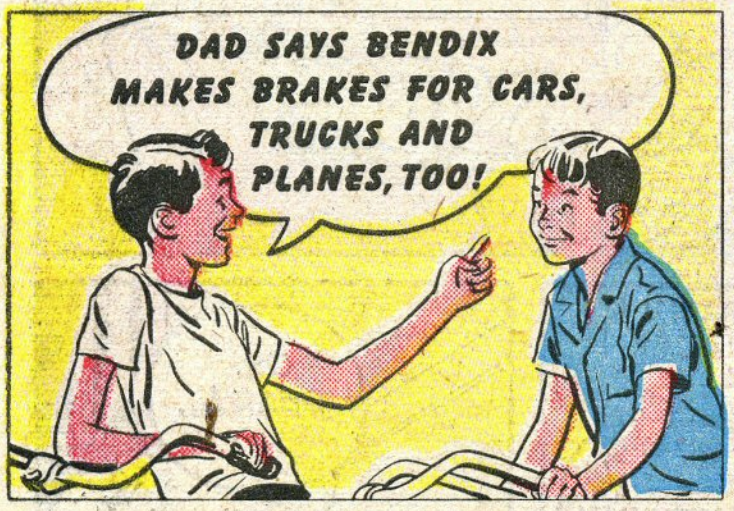

EVERYTHING'S SETTLED, EH?
AND I JUDGE THAT MY DAUGHTER HAS FOUND A WORTH WHILE INTEREST TO KEEP HER OFF THE STAGE!

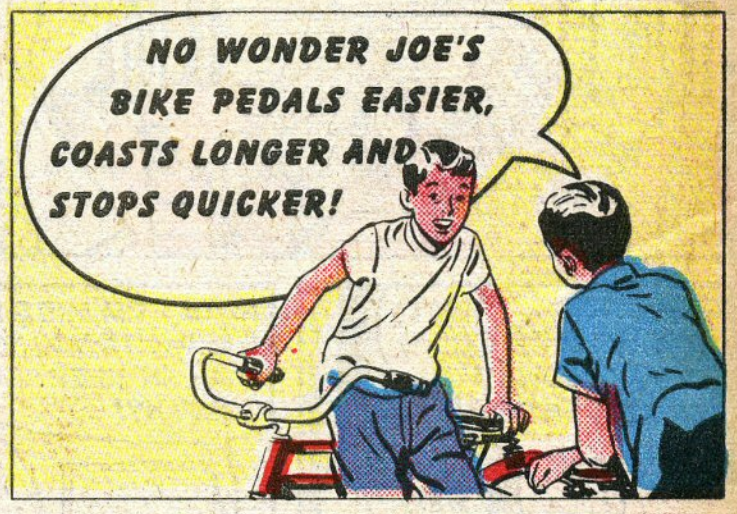
OHH, SPIRIT-- I JUST KNOW WE'RE GOING TO MAKE LOVELY MUSIC TOGETHER!
MIST' SPIRIT BOSS!

NOTE F'OM MISS ELLEN! SHE WANTS YOU TO COME OVAH AN' KEEP HER COMPANY!
THANKS, EBONY! I'M PRACTICALLY THERE!


OH, DEAR!...







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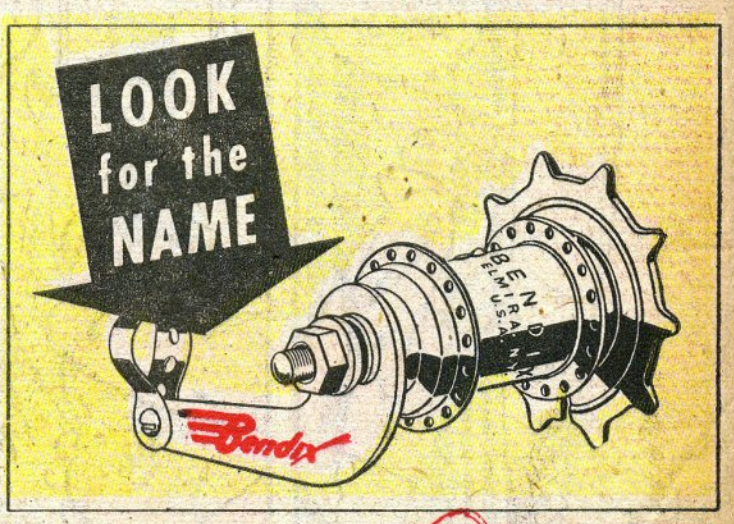

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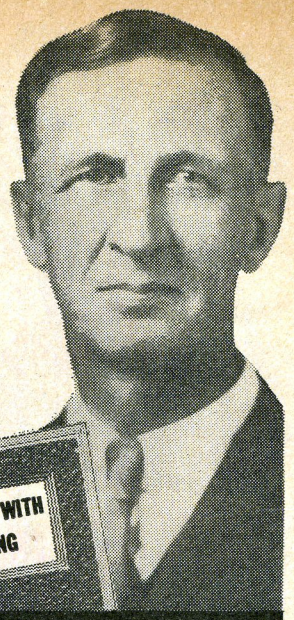

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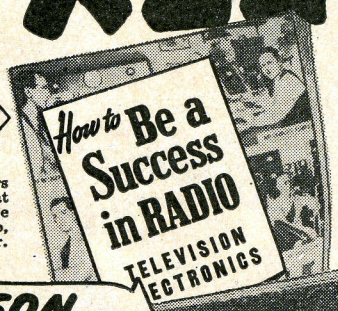

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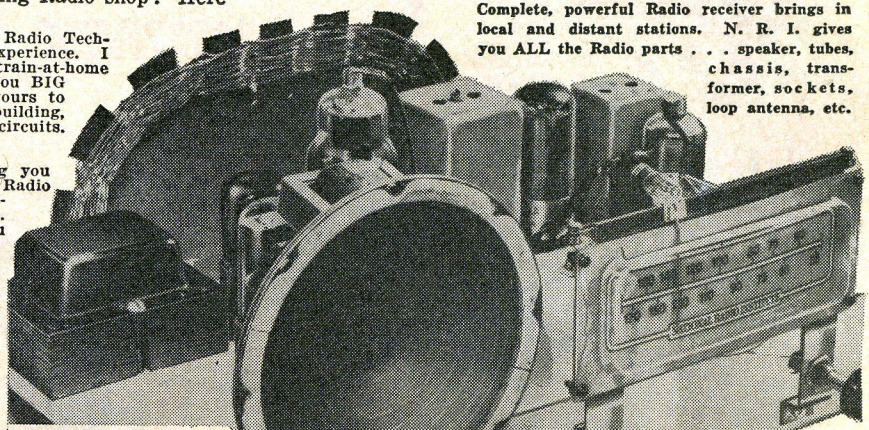

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